THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 11, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY HARRY B. LACHMAN

GLASGOW: WHO WANTS TO KNOW—By Alfred Henry Lewis

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Vaiti of the Islands

A girl who is beautiful and unafraid—a girl who can, and does, command a schooner and lord it over a semi-piratical and wholly criminal crew—a half-schooled, but wholly educated, girl whose father is the renegade member of an ancient English family and whose mother was a savage queen of the South Seas—imagine a girl of that sort afloat on the unquestioning Pacific, and her adventures are bound to lack nothing in color or in spirit. Such a girl is Vaiti of the Islands, of whom Beatrice Grimshaw has told six stories for The Saturday Evening Post.

Miss Grimshaw is a comparative newcomer in the field of fiction, but she has here created a character which should go far toward making her reputation. Not since Stevenson died has the restless rebel spirit of the wild Southeastern Ocean been so ably or so alluringly presented.

A New Series by Emerson Hough

Everybody knows that nobody knows the West any better than Emerson Hough—and that very few of those who do know it write so well of it. In this new series of articles, Mr. Hough will go into what is, perhaps, the most widely interesting feature of Western life—the feature which means, in fact, the life of the world.

The great cattle-ranches beyond the Mississippi have always been as picturesque as they were important: They are still important, but are they still picturesque?

How has the swift advance of modern business methods affected them?

How has the latter-day concentration of wealth and industry affected them?

How have the new markets and the new demands affected them?

The finger of Change writes quickly, largely and indelibly upon all things American—what has it written on the great American cattle-ranches?

The Burglar in Society

The dog-days are the best days for a detective story, and Jacques Futrelle's detective story, The Chase of the Golden Plate, is one of the best stories that recent years have produced. The initial situation is alone enough to demonstrate that much: A millionaire gives a masked ball; among the guests is one in the guise of a burglar; the host's gold plate disappears; the burglar—in somebody's else automobile—disappears with it. Detectives pursue in another auto, and love and humor follow close behind. But the force which, after five fascinating installments, solves the mystery is the Human Thinking Machine, a mild-eyed professor of logic.

Closely following upon these features, and in some cases accompanying them, there are to be others of equal importance. The Letters to Unsuccessful Men will tend to open the eyes of some people who esteem themselves—and generally are esteemed—pre-eminently successful. The Wife of Narcissus will prove not only an entertaining love story, but also as bitter a satire upon the pseudoaesthetic set of New York as Iole was said to be upon a similar colony in a more rural district. George Ade is also to contribute his delightful story, The Slim Princess, which reveals this author as a master of both delicate wit and tender insight.

There will be stories and special articles by Joel Chandler Harris, F. Hopkinson Smith, George Randolph Chester, George Hibbard, Elliott Flower, Ernest Poole, Will Payne and William Allen White. Owen Wister is to write several Western stories for us, and Harlow N. Higinbotham—who speaks with authority as a late member of the firm of Marshall Field & Company—will further describe the Building of a Retail Business.

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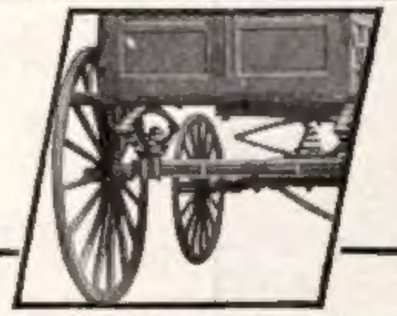

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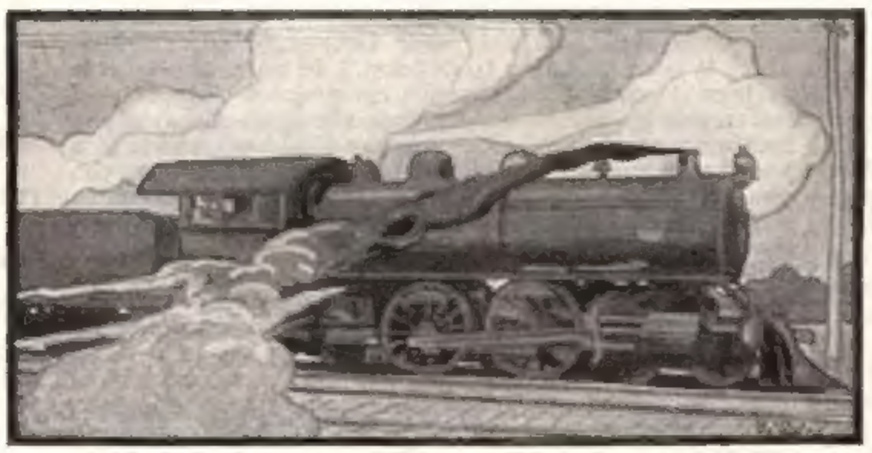
Glasgow: Who Wants to Know



BY

Alfred Henry Lewis

OF LATE I have talked with many men. They were of many walks and many regions. Among them were editors, politicians, manufacturers, promoters, merchants, lawyers, rich men, poor men, senators in togas, judges in robes. One and all they confirmed the recent word of Judge Gaynor that the public does not hate wealth, but only the robber wealth that plunders it. The public no more hates gold than it hates a gun. It is when the gold or the gun is aimed at public destruction that the popular eye begins to sparkle and the popular anger to stir.

The late Jerry Simpson, he of the infrequent sock, put the matter in its proper light. A House member had accused him of hating bankers:

"That is wrong," said the sockless one; "I don't hate your banker. I feel about a banker as I feel about that insect, never named in polite society, which haunts beds to slaughter sleep. Taken in their private lives, and considered from the point domestic, both the banker and the bug are doubtless all their friends could say or wish. They may be model neighbors, affectionate husbands, fathers without a flaw. No, Mr. Speaker; it is not the banker nor yet the bug that I hate—it's the business he's in."

So, though I found no condemnation of mere wealth, I was not without discovering a popular suspicion, fast-growing and towering, addressed to big companies, public service and trade. This attitude of popular distrust has much to keep it in countenance. With public service corporations paying forty per cent., with poisons sold as medicines, with food adulterations, with rebates and the pikelike monopolies spawned of them, and all on daily exhibition, it would be strange if the people were both blind and deaf to the invidious lesson thereby taught.

However, there be signs of reform. One may see them if one will but scan the horizon of a world's affairs. It is high time. Government was meant to do justice right and left, and keep seller and buyer from robbing one another. The seller has never failed of protection. Until of late, however, the buyer—the consumer—was left to shield himself. No buckler of Government was held before him. Worse; on more than one footpad occasion the Government held him while the venal seller searched his pockets. This has been the often and discouraging condition in the matter of railroads. Still, the day of reckoning is dawning. Indeed, as to the Pennsylvania Railroad, which Attorney Glasgow, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been splitting wide-open like a mackerel, the morning sun is half-way up the heavens.

As an instance in hopeful reformative point, public interest has closely followed the story, unfolded and unfolding, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. For that reason I journeyed to Philadelphia to have a closer look. I was eager to see and talk with Mr. Glasgow who was conducting the examination. On his wit, his courage, his honesty, the success of the investigation depended. By his strength it would triumph, by his weakness fail.

On the question of being interviewed Mr. Glasgow was rock-rooted and not to be moved. It would be impolitic; more, it would be improper, in view of his position, for him to talk for publication. Wherefore, to my questioning Mr. Glasgow turned voiceless as the Sphinx.

None the less, to see him and weigh him and measure him were worth while. The experience could not fail to make prodigiously for one's confidence, if one's sympathies possessed a public side. It is tonic and politically antiseptic to meet folk of the stamp of Mr. Glasgow. The impression he makes is decisively modern. He is gifted of a kindly worldliness that is wonderfully like toleration, and you know that although his effort will be corrective it will never be harsh. Also he owns an emphasis, and is not lightly to be forgotten. One forgets some folk easily, which is not an unmixed disaster. When a friend suggested to a certain wise old Greek a series of lessons which would improve his memory and teach him to remember, he said, "I would sooner be taught to forget."

My journey to Philadelphia was made in the name of education, and that I might lay before men their perils and rights in the coil of rebates and monopolies. Assuredly, the public stands in need of such information. The public is a strange, blinded creature. It will fall upon a street-car conductor and beat him to rags over a refusal to issue a transfer check, and then amble placidly to the polls like sheep, and vote rogues into office—executive, judicial, legislative—to permit, nay assist, the company for which that offensive conductor works to steal further franchises, water further stock, and commit further criminal atrocities that measure into millions. Straining at a gnat but swallowing a camel, the public, having thrashed a conductor—the *casus belli* a five-cent fare—remains indifferent while the corporation that employs him robs it of rights worth millions. The public does this in New York City; and, with a smaller figure, in every city between the oceans. "Man is a reasoning but not a reasonable being!" exclaimed old John Adams; and for once in a way the Bay State narrowist was right.

William A. Glasgow, Jr.

In his smug vanity, man always refers—as fixing them of a lower intelligence—to horses, cattle, deer, bear, and the four-footed remainder of creation, as "the lower animals," and I've asked myself when and where and how he got his conceited license so to do. Your elk, about to retire for the night, describes a circle in the snow a half-mile in diameter. Then he marches into the safe centre and goes to sleep. Thus he protects his slumbers; for, however the wind may shift, no hunter following the trail can fail of giving tainted notice of his nearness to the quick nostrils of the sleeping elk. By the same token a feeding deer grazes up the wind. Never have I seen the public in its surrounded destinies—and I make my money, like a naturalist, by observing and recording its habits—evince anything resembling the sagacious prudence of either of these antlered folk. No, faith! the public is a bird in whose vain sight the fowler may spread his nets with every assurance of success.

It was at his home that I met Mr. Glasgow. I have thought, and sometimes said, that one may know a man as readily by his furniture as by his friends. The home-frame which the individual makes for himself is an

infallible key to his character. The Glasgow home-surroundings told of fineness and culture. Comfort drifted into elegance with so serene a merger as to escape attention. Mr. Glasgow is a Virginian. Also he is a man, which is of greater moment—a man, big, sure, confident, equal, more apt to render help than need it. His people were Scotch, then Irish, then American—the last for a round two centuries. He was born in Fincastle, Botetourt County, a county that once upon a time extended westward to the Mississippi. In that day what inhabitants of Botetourt abode on the banks of the Mississippi were exempt from contributing of their riches toward the cost of the courthouse, "because," so ran the generous ordinance, "of the difficulty for such of attending the sessions of court." It was the Washington-Lee University that gave Mr. Glasgow his education, and he first practiced law in Roanoke. Now he is of the Philadelphia bar, coming North from Virginia two years ago.

In age Mr. Glasgow is a year beyond forty. He is of good height and breadth of shoulder; his smooth face speaks of fellowship and fair living. He laughs easily, and knows and likes a joke. Also he thinks as profoundly as he laughs, and the subject must be deep that he cannot fathom. He has the gift of thoroughness, and a capacity for cross-examination that presses hard on genius. The evidence may be long, and as thick-sown of mendacities as a forest is of trees; Mr. Glasgow will not lose his way. The lying witness is not so fortunate. Following ten minutes' dodging of the questioning Mr. Glasgow, he loses his bearings and cannot tell whether he is sailing east or west or north or south with his fictions.

There is a peril that ever lurks in strength. Weakness, however vicious, is seldom a threat. One need hardly fear a house cat, even in its anger. When the house cat swells to royal Bengal size and is called a tiger, it is different. He should have arms in his hands who treads the jungles of its inhabitation. Also there are trade tigers, just as there are trade tabby cats. The public is safe from the little butcher, or the little stage-driver with perhaps his single wagon, although in each instance he yearns hungrily to cheat it. One cannot say the same of the trust or the railroad, for when either of these turns man-eater it has the teeth and talons and springing power to carry out its fell design.

This is the age of an ophidian commerce. As illustrating certain of our trade pythons, take that boa constrictor, the Steel Trust. Its stock and bond issues—in a recent year—amounted to nearly $1 436,722,135. The whole debt of the United States was but $901,470,950. In interest and dividends for that year the Steel Trust paid out $58,748,-392. The interest payments of the Government during the same period were $28,556,348. That year the gross earnings of the Steel Trust were $536,572,871, while the income of the Government—slightly topping it—was $560,396,674. The operating expenses of the Steel Trust during those twelve months were $409,268,599, and the expenses of the Government were $477,542,659. The Steel Trust surplus at the close of that year was $12,304,916; the surplus of the Government was roundly $14,000,000. These figures should give the public some notion of the size of at least one of these money animals that, day in and day out, are living in the same cage with it. If money be power—and I think no one doubts it—what a potentiality of harm resides with such a colossus of money as the Steel Trust! And yet it is one of many; the woods are full of its gigantic kind.

From What the Investigation Grew

LET us return to Mr. Glasgow and the Pennsylvania Railroad. The business had a comparatively small beginning, and off to one side. It is the virtue of every beginning that no one may measure the result. This is a blessing; because if, in the beginning, one by pound weight or quart pot or two-foot rule could anticipate the end, if every chicken might certainly be counted without waiting for it to hatch, then where would be Hope and where Optimism?

The present vivisection of Pennsylvania Railroad affairs began little to end big. When Chicago was burned, the trouble found its birth in a cow and a candle. The woes of Pennsylvania had a more imposing origin, albeit the inquiry that has so burned it up was no more looked for than, on that cow-and-candle evening, was the Chicago conflagration.

The seeds of Pennsylvania grief were sown in this wise: The Red Rock Fuel Company owned a coal mine on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio. It requested that a side track be put in, such as were allowed other rival mines, and without which its mine was valueless. The railroad refused. The reason of railroad refusal, unstated, was that it owned—in output—more than one-half the coal mines in that region, and did not care for competition.

Last January the President of the Red Rock addressed a letter to every member of Congress, House and Senate, which told in compact form the story. This is the letter:

TORRESDALE, PHILADELPHIA,
January 23, 1906.

Dear Sir:

The Red Rock Fuel Company is the owner of over 4000 acres of valuable coal lands on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Upshur County, West Virginia, which it is endeavoring to develop. In pursuance of this purpose it has opened its mine, constructed a tipple, and built a side track from the tipple to the right-of-way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (some 4000 feet), and is in a position to make large shipments of coal if it receives the same treatment that the Baltimore and Ohio accords to other shippers of coal on its line of railroad, viz.: a connection between the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its side track.

Nearly one year ago the Red Rock Fuel Company made an application to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for such connection, agreeing to pay the entire cost of the same, and pointing out that it had been the practice of the railroad for years to furnish such connections to persons or corporations, desiring to ship coal from lands adjacent to its lines, on the terms offered by the Red Rock Fuel Company.

This request was met by a prompt refusal by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and with a further statement that it would not grant the connection requested nor permit the Red Rock Fuel Company to become a shipper of coal if it could prevent it, on the ground that it (the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company) had more coal for transportation than it had facilities to carry it; but the real reason, as found by the Interstate Commerce Commission, as hereinafter set forth, was that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company owned a controlling interest in various coal companies along its line of railroad, which companies ship the bulk of the coal mined along its lines, and that it did not propose to have the Red Rock Fuel Company or any other concern compete with it for business.

Proceedings were commenced by the Red Rock Fuel Company before the Interstate Commerce Commission last May to require the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to desist from discriminating against the Red Rock Fuel Company in favor of other shippers and in favor of itself, and to furnish the connection for the Red Rock Fuel Company by December 23, 1905. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has failed to comply with this order and has announced its intention to disregard it.

During the proceedings, it developed that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company controls the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and that it has an interest in limiting the shipments of coal from the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, so as to prevent competition with coal mines on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

While the injury done in this case is only a private one to the Red Rock Fuel Company, yet it is such an abuse of railway franchises and such a perfectly clear-cut example of injustice on the part of a public servant, with no extenuating circumstances to becloud the main issue, that the Red Rock Fuel Company takes the liberty of inclosing you a copy of the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision in this matter, together with a very brief extract from the testimony taken during the hearing, touching upon the most important statements above made, with the hope that you will give it your attention.

Therefore your earnest consideration of the facts of this case is asked, not only in the interest of the Red Rock Fuel Company, but also in the interest of all independent coal shippers who have no railroad influence and the public generally, who have felt the oppressive force of railway abuses of a similar character, but whose cases, perhaps, are not susceptible of as clear and certain demonstration as this one, and your aid is respectfully invited to making such acts of oppression hereafter impossible. A full investigation should be had of all the bituminous coal-carrying railroads reaching Atlantic ports, and their relation to each other, and especially the question of whether they are interested in coal properties as well as serving the public as carriers.

Should you desire any further information in regard to this matter it will be cheerfully furnished.

RED ROCK FUEL COMPANY,
Logan M. Bullitt, *President.*

Representative Gillespie, of Texas, was the first to take up the matter. He offered a House resolution directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate all railways tapping bituminous coal regions, and report to Congress. Senator Tillman also presented the question. An amendment was added to include oil. The Tillman-Gillespie resolution was adopted; the President signed it. The Interstate Commerce Commission asked Mr. Glasgow to conduct the examination, and at once engaged itself in carrying out the commands of the Tillman-Gillespie resolution. Briefly, the latter directs the Commission to probe questions of rebates and discriminations in the hauling of oil and bituminous coal, and lay bare to what extent railroads or their officers own stock in coal or oil companies whose products are carried over their lines.

Pennsylvania Command of the Coal-Fields

THE story of the bituminous coal situation on the Atlantic seaboard is this: Speaking broadly, there are four coal-fields. One is tapped by the Pennsylvania, one by the Baltimore and Ohio, one by the Chesapeake and Ohio, one by the Norfolk and Western. The two northern fields are inferior, quantity and quality, to the two southern. If railways and coal miners competed in their mining and their hauling on their merits, as both Nature and the laws of the land demand, bituminous coal in Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia and in Baltimore, to say naught of hundreds of other towns, would be cheapened to the consumer to the pleasant tune of a dollar a ton. This would mean warmth to frozen poor folk. Also it would mean a deal to the Yankee manufacturer. And don't forget, oh reader! living anywhere between Eastport and San Diego, Vancouver and the Florida Keys, that it is you, when you buy his products, who pay the coal bills of the Yankee manufacturer. Those frost-bitten poor are local in their shiverings; but it is your pocket that is searched for the manufacturer's extra dollar per ton.

There are four doors to the coal-fields but only one key. The Pennsylvania Railroad owns not only its own territory, but a controlling interest in the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Norfolk and Western. Through these, and by itself, it owns a controlling interest in the bituminous coal mining that goes on in the regions served by the four lines.

In killing competition, the four railroads—all under the thumb of the Pennsylvania—resorted to every kind of tactics. They refused side tracks; or, where side tracks existed, they failed to furnish cars, or furnished too few. What they furnished were, by one duplicity or another, delayed in hauling. Meanwhile those mines which were owned by the railroads, or by men who controlled the railroads, were given what cars they needed, and their product was sent racing off to market without hindrance or delay.

What was the result, the inevitable result? Bankruptcy for all coal operators in whose mines the railway or railway men are not part owners. This last is the reason why mine owners—as the evidence has shown—have given blocks of their stock to railway people, running from high officials in the main offices to gentlemen in overalls.

Having limited the gross output, the railways—always under the thumb of the Pennsylvania—settle how much shall come from each of the four great coal regions served by the railway quartette named. To make this coal apportionment, which arbitrarily determines how much each region shall produce, how much each railroad shall haul, and what shall be its charges for such hauling, the railroads have invented certain secret associations. These are called the "All Rail," the "Tide Water," and so on. It is the province of these associations, working secretly, to settle week by week what amount of coal each of the four railways shall bring to market. And the soft-coal output,

(Continued on Page 25)

A SEVEN-DOLLAR BILL

In Account with Dudley Hargrave to Cupid, Dr.

By George Randolph Chester

And Each and Every One of Them Bore the Two Words, "Seven Dollars"

"PLEASED—meet you, Miss Edwards," mumbled Dudley.

He bowed unusually low in order to gain time. And so this was Miss *Abigail* Edwards! He felt that he had better think quickly; all that occupied his guilty mind, however, while his head was on the way down and back up again, was: "Miss Abigail, Miss Beatrice, Miss Cecilia, Miss Dorothea, Miss Evangelina, Miss Florodora, or any feminine member of the entire Edwards family, clear through the alphabet to the more probable Xantippe."

When his eyes finally regained the level of her own, his face was about four shades pinker than even his ruddy complexion would render plausible. He found no relief from this in the fact that, although Miss Edwards was regarding him with absolutely frigid politeness, she had a manifest intention presently to flay him alive, figuratively speaking, and hang his hide up to dry.

Major Crawford dropped his eyeglasses. It was unusual for an introduction on the porch of the Meadowbrook Golf Club to be accompanied by such evidences of consternation.

"Er—possibly you young people have met before," blundered the Major, whose social graces were acquired rather than ingrained.

"No, I believe not," said Miss Edwards carelessly; and the Major, seeing the flood of color on Dudley's face take a fresh start and begin to pass by rapid blends from pink to a gorgeous, flaming carmine, nearly dropped his cane this time.

Miss Edwards, although to all outward appearances splendidly iced, was repeating to herself: "Miss Abigail, Miss Beatrice, Miss Cecilia, Miss Dorothea, Miss Evangelina, Miss Florodora, or any feminine member of the entire Edwards family, clear through the alphabet to the more probable Xantippe!"

Really, though, he didn't look capable of it, and she almost felt a bit of commiseration for the tall, athletic-looking young fellow who seemed so much embarrassed. He had very open, sincere brown eyes, and rich, wavy hair of the shade that she particularly admired. A very nice-looking boy, indeed. But that catalogue of names from Abigail to Xantippe would not down so easily, and her chin stiffened.

Just what method of diplomacy the usually calm and capable Dudley might have attempted, in a desperate effort to make bygones be bygones, cannot be told, for just at that moment a club waiter sidled up to him with: "Beg your pardon, Mr. Hargrave, there is a telephone message for you."

It was a respite from the gods, and Dudley clutched at it eagerly. He was very glad to excuse himself and hurry in to the telephone booth. He simply *must* think.

And so that was Miss Abigail Edwards. Abigail! Why, the name itself had suggested to him the vision of a grim-visaged spinster of at least forty-five—and this lithe, splendidly-poised young woman was a dream, an absolute dream! There lay beneath her clear complexion that ivory tint which had always seemed to him to be Nature's most perfect effort in coloring. Her hair had that bronze gleam to it that changed as the light shifted, now suggesting a Titian hue and now a golden brown. Her eyes were heaven's own blue; her cheeks were a perfect oval; her chin was the chin of the goddess on a silver dollar; her mouth—— And so that was Miss Abigail Edwards!

He closed himself in the telephone booth and picked up the receiver.

"This is Dudley Hargrave," he mechanically announced.

One second later he had slammed the receiver on the hook and was banging the door of the booth behind him. All the message that he had got consisted of just the two words:

"*Seven dollars!*"

"It's an outrage!" he snapped as he strode back out.

When his eyes rested again upon Miss Abigail Edwards there was an entirely different glint in them. He was thoroughly angry, and, being young, he permitted his emotions to have a little more sway upon him than he usually liked to remember after things were over and done.

Miss Edwards was standing by the porch-rail, drinking in the beauty of woods and meadow and dancing brook that lay before her. The Major had left her alone for a moment while he went to look after his golfing-bag. She turned as Mr. Hargrave approached her.

"I am very glad to have met you to-day, Miss Edwards," Hargrave energetically began. "Inexcusable as it may seem to bring up such matters here, I must insist that, if you are back of this persecution——"

She paused long enough to look at him, then—merely one sweeping glance, and he instantly congealed. He did not even get a chance to stammer; he simply froze up. He felt very much as he had when his automobile, while he was laughing about something, had suddenly swerved from the road and bumped him into a stone wall. In the one splendidly manipulated glance, this calm young woman had let him quite plainly understand several things, among them being that the social life and the business life of Miss Abigail Edwards were never by any means to be confused; and that Mr. Dudley Hargrave had committed an absolutely unforgivable breach of almost everything.

Mr. Hargrave rapidly excused himself, and dissolved from Miss Edwards' view. Around the nearest corner of the club-house he fortunately came upon his caddy, and gave that urchin a most unmerciful scolding on the score of four lost and almost forgotten golf-balls. He felt much better after that and mooched aimlessly around a bit, quieting himself down.

Presently he saw Miss Edwards and the Major advancing toward him across the lawn. Just before they reached him, Miss Edwards stooped to pick something from the ground, and so there was no necessity for them to see each other. With a perfunctory nod to the Major, Dudley strode on past, a very miserable mixture between a fuming volcano and a wet firecracker. No train of thought stayed with him for more than forty consecutive seconds in his present frame of mind, but the most persistent one was concerned with Miss Edwards herself as a glorious creation—and he turned back to look again at her. Miss Edwards was, at that precise moment, looking back at him. Mr. Hargrave whirled his head forward with a jerk, but not before he had seen that Miss Edwards stood her ground. She did not, like him, betray herself by repudiating that backward gaze. Instead, she looked a nice, round, clean hole straight through him at the landscape beyond, and, as if something in the prospect pleased her, she smiled, actually smiled! And Dudley got right down to work, blaming things.

He had several things to anathematize, but the chief one of all was his luck. Why hadn't he known that Miss Abigail Edwards, whom her father had doomed in his will to take active part in a big business for one hour of each working-day, would prove to be the peerless creature of his dreams, the exact ideal for which he had sought ever since his coming of age? She was precisely the type of girl that he had woven out of his own fond fancies, and had loved, actually loved, all his life. He was young, remember

Seven dollars! What was seven dollars, to stand between a man and his possible lifelong happiness? Of course, the seven dollars didn't matter any more than if it had been seven cents or seven thousand dollars. It was the principle of the thing. But what were even principles when it came to a long-sought and perfected ideal?

He was on his way now to the garage, for he would not even have his machine brought up to the club-house for him. He did not much care for another meeting that day. But as soon as he got to his club in the city he would send Edwards & Co. a check for seven dollars and end that part of it. He began to grow even hopeful in the prospect of this self-abnegation. There was no use of despairing about Miss Edwards so early in the game. After hunting for an ideal all these years it was preposterous that, having at last discovered her, he was not to be permitted to at least know her! Absurd! He would mow down all obstacles; he would force her to be his friend; no woman—— He was young, remember.

Seven dollars! He felt abased at the idea of having quibbled over any such sum. He was still in this frame of mind when he reached his club in the city, and until he opened a collect telegram that he found awaiting him:

"*Seven dollars!*"

That was all there was in it; just those two words. Mr. Hargrave said absolutely nothing, but he thought quite fluently as he stalked up to his apartments to change his clothing. On his dresser he found a letter conspicuously placed. It was a square envelope, tinted and faintly scented, and bore his name in a very neat hand. He opened it, and all that he found inside was a leaf torn from a daily calendar, bearing only the big, black figure seven!

Mr. Hargrave went to his writing-desk presently and took out a business envelope, bearing the return address of Edwards & Co. He reread the inclosure, which was an ordinary typewritten affair, with an increasing frown:

Mr. Dudley Hargrave,
Stadium Club.

Dear Sir:

Miss Abigail Edwards, to whom I have referred your rather brusque refusal to pay the enclosed bill "as a matter of principle," directs me that it *must* be collected—also as a matter of principle.

Your claim that the spark-attachment for your automobile was not received in good condition is absolutely untenable in view of the fact that you neglected to report the same to us until four months had elapsed.

Kindly remit at once and save us the trouble of taking drastic measures.

Dudley shuddered as he recalled his reply. Being young and impetuous he had immediately seized a pen and indited the following:

Get as drastic as you like. I'm not going to pay for imperfect goods, even at the command of Miss Abigail, Miss Beatrice, Miss Cecilia, Miss Dorothea, Miss Evangelina, Miss Florodora, or any feminine member of the Edwards family, clear through the alphabet to the more probable Xantippe.

In the mean time I don't mind receiving your occasional duns. In fact, I shall be pleased to have you keep me reminded of this seven-dollar bill.

When Miss Abigail was shown this missive her chin went up and her brows came down.

"Keep him reminded of it, Mr. Banks—daily," she grimly directed, whereat her manager smiled and shook his gray head.

"It would hardly be dignified business," he cautioned her. He did not approve of women in business, nor did she for that matter, but the late Mr. Edwards had willed it so, allowing her to complete her course in the seminary and to take a year abroad, which she had done, and so it had to be—until she should marry. Very Spartan, the late Mr. Edwards, but he had loved his daughter and his business almost equally, so there was small wonder, after all, that he should want to link them together.

"This is not a business matter at all," said Miss Abigail presently, with another indignant glance at the offending letter. "It is personal entirely." She, also, was young and impetuous.

"You've the spunk of your father," commented Mr. Banks, rising. "I'll put the matter into the hands of Miss Duce."

He did so. He turned over the letter to that bright young lady, whose latent capacity for hilarious mischief was as yet unsuspected, with the mere direction to follow Mr. Hargrave's own suggestion and "keep him reminded rather constantly." The big, black figure that now stared Mr. Dudley Hargrave in the face was one of the reminders.

Seven dollars! Why, that girl was the masterpiece of all created beings! Mechanically he took his check-book from his writing-desk and opened it, but, as his pen hovered over the printed form, a messenger-boy came to his door with a long, legal-looking letter. He knew what it was before he opened it. "Seven dollars!" For a moment the image of Miss Edwards was blurred, and naturally so, Dudley being mere flesh and blood—mostly warm blood. It struck him that to pay this bill now would be a more or less ridiculous surrender, and he shut the check-book with a snap. In place of the remittance he wrote a brief, sarcastic note to Edwards & Co., in which he thanked them for following his instructions so scrupulously and directed them to keep it up.

This note reached the office of Edwards & Co. next morning while the manager was with Miss Edwards in her dainty little private office, holding his daily conference with her and experiencing his daily inward revolt against the heavy rug, the pretty white and gold desk, the pictures, the flowers, the mirrored dressing-table, the tapestries and the velours curtains. He was about to escape to his actual business when she said:

"By the way, Mr. Banks, I believe you have a small account against a Mr. Dudley Hargrave."

Mr. Banks drew a long breath and looked puzzled.

"We have," he admitted.

"I learn that you are using extremely childish methods, amounting even to petty persecution, in trying to collect it." She was very stern by this time.

Mr. Banks gasped. Great Scott! She herself had been the one to—— But what was the use?

"We have," he patiently confessed.

"What are the latest developments in the account?" she asked.

"None," said Mr. Banks wearily, "except that Miss Duce has been mailing him a daily statement, I presume—according to your own orders, you know." He would have been more or less than human had he omitted to say that. "I'll see if there is a remittance in this last mail."

She had it upon her tongue to tell him to drop the affair if the remittance had not come, but he went into his own office before she could say so. She had been giving the matter some thought herself. It did seem a most undignified thing to do. She felt heartily ashamed of her share in the transaction. She could not help seeing that look of confused appeal in the young man's eyes when he had been introduced to her. Remarkably good eyes they had been, too. He was such a nice-looking chap altogether, and she was sorry that she had dismissed him so summarily. Really she would like to meet the young man again. Not that she cared particularly, of course, but she had been so ungracious. Manly-looking fellow, he was. Almost, if not quite, ideal. Mr. Banks came in with the letter bearing the Stadium Club seal.

"I just got this," he said, laying down Mr. Hargrave's sarcastic note of the previous evening. "He seems to rather like the methods that Miss Duce is pursuing."

"Exactly," said Miss Edwards, glancing over Mr. Hargrave's second mistake with a snap of the jaw. "I was just about to say, Mr. Banks, that you may tell Miss Duce to go ahead."

Again Mr. Banks gasped—and told Miss Duce to go ahead, however.

Miss Duce did—with great enthusiasm. The figure seven became the bane of Hargrave's life. Every time there came a telephone-call for him during that first couple of days he received the same cabalistic message, "Seven dollars." That and no more. Telegrams poured in for him containing but the two words, with no signature whatever. Letters of all sorts, plain letters, official-looking letters, letters square and oblong, letters with monograms and letters with seals, cheap manila envelopes and expensive bond envelopes, letters yellow, blue, pink and white, by special delivery and otherwise, came dumping in upon him under various disguises, and each and every one of them bore within but the two words, "Seven dollars." His own friends brought him some of them with such remarks as: "Chap outside asked me to bring this in to you. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?" Life was becoming a misery.

For a time he refused to answer telephone-calls at all, but he soon found that this would not do, for he missed two or three important engagements by it. Every time he went to his room, he found a card upon the floor with "Seven dollars" written upon it. He reported the matter to the steward and started an investigation afoot with little results. A boy was discharged, but the cards still appeared, and one morning he awoke to find even his window-panes decorated with huge red sevens. The steward himself almost lost his place for that. Possibly Miss Duce had a very devoted friend among the club attachés. You never can tell.

All at Once This Seven Dollars Assumed a Mountainous Proportion

The figure seemed to bob up by accident, too, at every turn. He never had imagined that there could be so many sevens in the world. If he called a cab or mounted a street car, or waited for an elevated or a subway train, the number seven was sure to stare him in the face. If he sent a boy for theatre tickets they almost invariably included a seat seven or row seven or box seven. There was no escaping from it.

For instance, he walked into his hatter's and asked to see a new style in headgear that had just caught the fancy of Dudley's set.

"Certainly, Mr. Hargrave," said the obsequious dealer. "Seven, I believe."

"Sir?" said Hargrave.

"Size seven, I believe you wear."

"Well, yes," admitted Hargrave with a frown, and sought escape from his own unreasonable impatience by trying on the hat.

"The shape is very becoming to you, sir," observed the hatter. "Very popular, too. I've sold seven of them to-day."

Hargrave winced, but he fought down his impulse to run, and asked the price.

"Seven dollars," said the dealer.

That was the last straw.

"I don't want it!" jerked Hargrave, and walked out of the shop, leaving the man in a stupor of amazement.

That evening he gave a most severe reprimand to his waiter. He had a couple of friends to a modest dinner with him, and the check the waiter brought him to sign was for an even seven dollars. Moreover, there had been seven blue points on each plate at the very beginning, and—he stopped to look. Yes, by George, the waiter's number was seven!

He was going seven-mad. He dreamed sevens, ate sevens, drank sevens, breathed sevens!

It was nearly a week before he again met Miss Edwards. This time it was at Mrs. Peyson's lawn-party. He tried to avoid her, but, to his surprise, in place of serving him frappé she mulled him with a dazzling smile.

"I have been wanting to meet you again, Mr. Hargrave," she said most cordially. "Just now I am going with Captain Small for an ice, but I want to be sure to have a minute's chat with you before the evening is over."

She sailed away to rejoin Captain Small, and Dudley looked after her through coruscating mental pinwheels. His head was a merry-go-round. He had thought that she was beautiful at the Meadowbrook Club, but never that she could be so radiant as this. He had not conceived it possible that any human being should appear so unutterably lovely. He declined five separate invitations to visit Mrs. Peyson's fountain, which had been cunningly arranged to spout nothing but punch, because he feared that he might for a moment lose sight of Miss Edwards. Abigail! He could not now comprehend why that name had ever suggested to him the picture of a soured and vindictive old maid. Really, after one had said it over to himself a couple of dozen times, it seemed a beautiful name. He walked about the grounds in a trance. Usually moving with the grace and splendid poise that come from a careful athletic training, he now stumbled over the most trifling obstacles, bumped into bushes and trees, brushed shoulders, unseeing, with his cronies, and behaved himself generally in a most rudderless fashion. He saw nothing, in fact, but Miss Edwards' shining back hair, or her profile, or her chin, mouth, nose, eyes and brow, according to which view she permitted him. How could he know that she was permitting him as frequent views as possible? Glorious, she was, perfectly glorious! Every once in a while he thought that his chance would surely come, but she seemed to have a legion of friends. He began to be actually savage about them.

Mrs. Peyson was a notable matchmaker. She had arranged many a cozy corner and shady nook upon her grounds for this evening's entertainment, and at last, having in spite of all his vigilance lost sight of Miss Edwards, Dudley sat moodily down in one of these. He was just about to light a cigar and seek such solace as he might when she suddenly appeared from nowhere and slipped in to sit down beside him.

"I'm so glad to have this chance meeting," she began in a delightfully frank tone. "I want to apologize for my rudeness of the other day. Moreover, I find, since returning here, that we know a great many of the same people, and that we shall be constantly meeting. It would be perfectly silly to be at outs, like children; so let's draw a strict line between my social life and my—my enforced business self."

Would he? He took the hand that this remarkably direct young woman offered him, and gripped it with entirely unnecessary warmth and eagerness. *Would he!*

"Bully!" said he, and she cast up at him a bright little glance that made the pinwheels and the merry-go-round start whirling again at a tremendous rate. Would he!

"It's perfectly splendid," she commented, gazing out at the stars which strove to vie with Mrs. Peyson's myriad of tiny electric bulbs. It is to be hoped that the reader is bearing in mind the youth of Miss Edwards. "It's just as if we were each of us two separate people. Here we may be just as jolly good friends as may happen, while, in the mean time, any little business matter that we might have between us can take its normal course without any bearing whatever upon our social relations."

There was just the slightest perceptible tilt to the Goddess of Liberty chin as she said that, and Dudley immediately interpreted it to mean that he would have to pay the seven dollars. As immediately he made up his mind that he would not. The annoyance, had it been but an ordinary bit of odd spitework, would have been not only inconceivable but unendurable. Now, however, there was a zest to it.

"Very well," he acquiesced. "I see that your mind is made up, and mine is equally so. Beautiful grounds Mrs. Peyson has."

"Lovely," she agreed. "Shall we walk?"

They walked. Fairyland was a slum district as compared to this. Dudley walked on a lawn that had grown so velvety because Miss Edwards was to tread upon it; he walked under a sky that borrowed its sparkle from the eyes of Miss Edwards; he walked amid a throng of mere phantoms that were happy and gay and gorgeously gowned because Miss Edwards was among them.

They talked, too. They discussed the wind and the weather, the stars in the zenith and those on Broadway, books, politics, religion, science, news, everything in the whole gamut of possible subjects for human conversation—except seven dollars.

Major Crawford, hunting Miss Edwards, was delighted when he came upon them.

"Really," he blundered again, "you can't convince me that you young people didn't know each other before I introduced you."

"We did, slightly," admitted Miss Edwards, laughing lightly.

The Major bore her off to join the crowd that had been clamoring for her, and Dudley stumbled away from Mrs. Peyson's lawn-party in a hazy dream composed chiefly of the sort of hair and brows and eyes and nose and mouth and chin that went to make up such an ethereally perfect countenance as that of Miss Abigail Edwards.

At the club the clerk handed him a package of about the size of a box of cigars. He opened it nonchalantly. Inside was a big, black printed headline, clipped from a newspaper advertisement—"SEVEN DOLLARS!" But what did he

care about seven dollars? That night, however, he had a troubled vision. He dreamed that he was leading Miss Abigail Edwards to the altar, but that there were seven of her and each one had a dollar-mark painted large upon the back of her gown.

He awoke with a serious purpose in life. He meant to marry Miss Edwards. But there was no thought of ever paying that money. It could not be paid. It had been lifted into the plane where to pay it would be to let go of that superiority which is man's heritage. It would never do to be beaten by a woman. He must marry her in spite of the seven dollars. The suddenness of his determination did not strike him as being at all strange or inconsistent, in spite of his often-asserted disbelief in love at first sight. It was not a case of love at first sight, he argued, because she was exactly the girl he had always loved.

He met Miss Edwards frequently after that, but, strangely enough, though he often angled for it, she never intimated that he would be welcome at the Edwards' home until long after his athletic trainer had warned him that he was losing weight.

"I had begun to think that I was blacklisted," he protested in accepting the invitation to her informal party.

"I don't see what could have given you that idea," she demurely replied. "You see, I've a lot of absurd little rigid rules about most things, and this is exactly the seventh time that we have met."

"Oh," said he, beginning to "toad up" a little over the implied compliment, "I see. Also, by the way, I thought that we were never to mention business."

"Pray, explain," she warned him. "Where is the connection?"

"Oh, none," he forlornly admitted.

Seven dollars! He would never pay it, not if he lived to be seven thousand years old! However, he was glad of the chance to call at the Edwards' home, where dusky Aunt Tillie, fortunately for him, approved of him; and Aunt Tillie's approval meant something. Aunt Tillie had come up with the Edwards' fortunes. She had been maid to Miss Abigail's mother when the latter was in her teens. She had nursed Miss Abigail when Miss Abigail was an infant, and had spanked Miss Abigail when Miss Abigail had been naughty. She had stern rights in the household, and her scrutiny of young men callers was one that went far, far beneath the cuticle. Miss Abigail waited with more anxiety for Aunt Tillie's verdict than for that of the own-blood auntie with whom she lived, and was much relieved to find it favorable.

Miss Edwards herself was increasingly glad to see him. There was no let-up, however, in the pressure that was put upon Mr. Hargrave by Edwards & Co. to remind him of that little bill. The flood of letters, telegrams, telephone messages and delivery-boys had suddenly ceased, but the annoyance only took a new form. This time it was that of personal collection. He could not go anywhere but that some one tapped him on the arm and thrust into his hand a statement from Edwards & Co. with the amount, "Seven dollars," and the words, "Past due. Please remit," stamped upon it in big red letters. In theatre-lobbies, on street corners, at the races, at the polo meet, everywhere, in fact, that he appeared in public, this happened to him, and he could not guard himself against it. The messengers were always different: usually well-dressed, innocuous-looking young men; once a young lady; once an old man who looked like a retired professor or lecturer; once an old woman; several times boys, and once a little girl.

Sometimes this happened when he was with Miss Edwards, in which case she always politely ignored it, although he fancied that, turning suddenly, he could see her suppressing a smile. This was enabled to happen very frequently now, from the fact that they were nearly always together. As a matter of fact, Miss Edwards began to miss her most important debtor all the time that he was away from her, and they were both heartily tired of that little bill. They wished that it was out of the way, but neither one could afford to do away with it. It meant too much. Even this, however, could not keep off the inevitable. Tinder must burn when the spark falls, and at last he ventured to speak the thing that was on his mind.

He did it beautifully, too. He found some little trouble in getting started. He stammered a trifle in the preliminaries before he conquered the quake in his knees, but, once into the swing of it, he poured out a magnificent flood of oratory, clasping her hand at precisely the proper moment, and telling her all the fervid things that modern young lovers can find nerve enough to phrase. Miss Edwards waited breathlessly until he had finished, and then, still permitting him to hold her hand, she looked up at him with half-moist lashes.

"You do it so exquisitely," she sighed. "But how about that seven dollars?"

"Abigail!" he pleaded. "You wouldn't let a little thing like that stand between us and our happiness, would you?"

"Would you?" she queried in turn.

That rather stopped the argument. They looked at each other in painful uncertainty for a time. All at once this seven dollars assumed a mountainous proportion. It was a matter of mastership now, and too serious for either argument or evasion. They released their hand-clasp with a mutual impulse. He noticed that little tilt of the chin and she saw that little muscular contraction which, under the jaws of a man, means "no thoroughfare." They

(Concluded on Page 80)

GASPAR RUIZ

By JOSEPH CONRAD

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IX

GENERAL ROBLES took the affair out of my hands at once without any ceremony.

"'In the house! Of course he is in the house,' he said contemptuously. 'You ought to have gone, sword in hand, inside and demanded his surrender, instead of chatting with a Royalist girl in the porch! Those people should have been hunted out of that long ago! Who knows how many spies they have harbored right in the very midst of our camps? A safe conduct from the commander-in-chief! The audacity of the fellow! Ha! ha! Now we shall catch him to-night and then we shall find out, without any safe conduct, what he has got to say that is so very important. Ha! Ha! Ha!'

"General Robles—peace to his soul!—was a short, thick man with round, staring eyes, fierce and jovial. Seeing my distress, he added:

"'Come, come, Chico. I promise you his life, if he does not resist. And that is not likely. We are not going to break up a good soldier if it can be helped. I tell you what! I am curious to see your strong man. Nothing but a general will do for the picaro—well, he shall have a general to talk to. Ha! Ha! I shall go myself to the catching, and you are coming with me.'

"And it was done that same night. Early in the evening the house and the orchard were surrounded quietly. Later, the general and I left a ball we were attending in town and rode out at an easy gallop. At some little distance from the house we pulled up. A mounted orderly held our horses. A low whistle warned the men watching all along the ravine and we walked up to the porch softly. The barricaded house in the moonlight seemed empty.

"The general knocked at the door. After a time a woman's voice within asked softly who was there. My chief nudged me hard. I gasped.

"'It is me—Lieutenant Santierra!' I stammered out as if choked. 'Open the door.'

"It came open slowly. The girl, holding a thin taper in her hand, seeing another man with me, began to back away before us, shading the light with her hand. Her impassive white face looked ghostly. I followed behind General Robles. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I made a gesture of helplessness behind my chief's back, trying at the same time to give a reassuring expression to my face. Neither of us three uttered a sound.

"We found ourselves in a room with bare floor and walls. There was a rough table and a couple of stools in it—nothing else whatever. An old woman with her gray hair loose got up and wrung her hands. A peal of loud laughter resounded through the empty house, very amazing and weird.

Nothing Could Have Presented a Greater Contrast to His Late Violence

"At this the old woman tried to get past us.

"'Nobody to leave the room!' said General Robles to me. I swung the door to behind me, heard the latch click, and the laughter became faint in our ears.

"Before another word could be spoken in that room I heard a sound like distant thunder.

"I had carried with me into the house a vivid impression of a beautiful clear moonlight night without a speck of cloud in the sky. I could not believe my ears. Sent early abroad for my education, I was not familiar with the most dreaded natural phenomenon of my native land. I saw with inexpressible astonishment a look of terror in the general's eyes. Suddenly I felt giddy! The general staggered against me violently; the girl with the taper seemed to reel in the middle of the room, and the light went out; a shrill cry of '*Misericordia*' from the old woman pierced my ears. In the pitchy darkness the plaster off the walls was falling on me. It is a mercy there was no ceiling. Holding on to the latch of the door, I heard the grinding of the roof-tiles cease above my head. The shock was over.

"'Out into the open! The door—open the door!' howled the general. You know, *señores*, in our country the bravest are not ashamed of the fear an earthquake strikes into all the senses of man. One never gets used to it. Repeated experience only augments the mastery of that nameless terror.

"It was my first earthquake and I was the calmest. I understood that the crash outside was caused by the porch with its wooden pillars and tiled roof projection falling down. The next shock would destroy the house, maybe. That rumble as of thunder was audible again. The old woman shrieked, '*Misericordia!*' The general was rushing around to find the door perhaps. He made a noise as though he were trying to climb the walls and I heard him distinctly invoke the names of several saints. 'Out, out, *Santierra!*' he yelled.

"The girl's voice was the only one I did not hear.

"'General,' I cried, 'I cannot open the door. We are locked in!'

"I did not recognize his voice in the shout of malediction and despair he let out. *Señores*, I know many men in my country, especially in the provinces most subject to earthquakes, who will neither eat, sleep, pray nor even play cards with closed doors. The danger is not in the loss of time, but in this, that the movement of the walls may prevent a door being opened at all. This was what had happened to us. We were trapped and we had no help to expect from anybody. There is no man in my country who will go into a house when the earth trembles. There never was—except one: Gaspar Ruiz.

"They Proved Themselves Worthy of San Martin's Confidence"

"He had come out of whatever hole he had been hiding in, outside, and scrambled over the timbers of the destroyed porch. Above the awful subterranean groan of coming destruction I heard a mighty voice in the passage shouting '*Erminia!*' with the lungs of a giant. An earthquake is a great leveler of distinctions. I collected all my resolution against the terror of the scene.

"'She is here!' I shouted.

"A roar as of a furious wild beast answered me, while my head swam, my heart sank, and the sweat of anguish streamed like rain off my brow.

"He had heard me, but what could he do? Could he hold up the house over her head? No—but I will tell you what he did: he found the strength to pick up one of the timbers by the porch and held it under his armpit like a lance, but with both hands. Then he charged madly the rocking house with the force of a battering-ram, bursting open the door and rushing in headlong over our prostrate bodies. I and the general bolted out together without looking around once till we had got well across the road. Then, clinging to each other, we beheld the house change suddenly into a heap of formless rubbish behind the back of a man who staggered toward us, bearing the form of a woman clasped in his arms. Her long, black hair hung nearly to his feet. He laid her down reverently on the heaving earth and the moonlight shone on her closed eyes.

"With another shock we fell. Horses and men were rolling on the ground. A large piece of the side of the ravine slipped upon the orchard, burying it all in the cracking of smashed trees. A shower of stones bounded across as if flung at us. And far away on the plain, clouds of dust from ruined villages rose straight up in the calm air like quiet brown mists under the serene moon riding high in the sky above the tremors of the earth.

"*Señores*, we mounted with difficulty. The horses, getting up, plunged madly, held by the soldiers who had come running to us from all sides. Nobody thought of catching Gaspar Ruiz then. The eyes of men and animals shone wildly. My general approached Gaspar, who stood motionless as a statue above the girl. He let himself be shaken by the shoulder without detaching his eyes from her face.

"'*Que guapa!*' cried the general in his ear. 'You are the bravest man living. You have saved my life! I am General Robles. Come to my quarters to-morrow, if God gives us the grace to see another day.'

"Ruiz never stirred, as if deaf, without feeling, insensible.

"We rode away, for the town was full of our relations, of our friends, of whose fate we hardly dared to think. The soldiers ran by the side of our horses. Everything was forgotten in the immensity of the catastrophe overtaking a whole country."

. . . . . .

Gaspar Ruiz saw the girl open her eyes. The raising of her eyelids seemed to recall him from a trance. They were alone; the cry of terror and distress from homeless people filled the plains of the coast, remote and immense, coming like a whisper into their loneliness.

She rose to her feet, darting fearful glances on all sides.

"What is it?" she cried out low, and peered at him with enlarged eyes. "Where am I?" He bowed his head sadly.

. . . "Who are you?"

He knelt down slowly before her and touched the hem of her coarse, black, baize skirt.

"Your slave," he said.

She caught sight then of the heap of rubbish that had been the house, all misty in the hanging dust.

"Ah!" she cried, passing her hand over her forehead.

"I carried you out from there," he whispered at her feet.

"And they?" she asked in a great sob.

He rose, and taking her by the arms led her gently toward the shapeless ruin half-overwhelmed by the landslide.

"Come and listen," he said.

The serene moon saw them clambering over that heap of stones, joists and tiles which was a grave. They pressed their ears to the interstices listening for the sound of a groan, for a sigh of pain. At last he said:

"They died swiftly."

She sat down on a piece of broken timber and put one arm across her face. He waited—then stooped down to her head.

"Let us go," he murmured.

"Never, never from here!" she cried out, flinging her arms up.

He bent down and lifted her up steadily. Her uplifted arms fell upon his shoulders. He steadied himself and began to walk, looking straight before him.

"What are you doing?" she murmured feebly.

"I am escaping from my enemies," he said, never once glancing at his light burden.

"With me?" she sighed.

"Never without you," he said. "You are my strength."

He pressed her close to him. His face was grave and his footsteps steady. The conflagrations bursting out in the ruins of destroyed villages dotted the plain with red fires and the sounds of distant lamentations; the cries of "*Misericordia, Misericordia!*" made a desolate murmur in his ears. Sometimes in the profound calm of the air the bushes by the side of the road whipped at him something mysteriously or a clump of trees swayed its boughs with the sound of a great wind. He walked on, solemn and collected, as if carrying something holy, fragile and precious, and the earth rocked at times under his feet.

X

WITH movements of mechanical care and an air of abstraction, old General Santierra lighted a long and thick cigar:

"It was a good many hours before we could send a party back to the ravine. We had found one-third of the town laid low, the rest shaken up; and the inhabitants, rich and poor, reduced to the same state of distraction by the universal disaster. The affected cheerfulness of some contrasted with the despair of others. Profiting by the general confusion, numbers of reckless thieves, without fear of God or man, were a danger to those who, from the downfall of their homes, had managed to save some valuables. Crying '*Misericordia!*' louder than any at every tremor and beating their breasts with one hand, they robbed the poor victims with the other, not even stopping short of murder.

"General Robles' division was occupied entirely in guarding the destroyed quarters of the town from the depredations of these inhuman scoundrels. Taken up with my duties of orderly officer, it was only in the morning that I could assure myself of the safety of my own family. My mother and my sisters had escaped from the ballroom, where I had left them early in the evening, with their lives. I remember those beautiful young women—God rest their souls!—as if I saw them this moment in the garden of our destroyed house, pale but active among some of our poor neighbors in their soiled ball-dresses and with the dust of fallen walls on their hair. As to my mother, she had a stoical soul in her frail body. Half-covered by a costly shawl, she was lying on a rustic seat by the side of an ornamental basin whose fountain had ceased to play forever on that night.

"I had hardly had the time to embrace them all with transports of joy when my chief, coming along, dispatched me to the ravine with a few soldiers to bring in my strong man, as we called him, and that pale girl.

"But when we arrived there was no one for us to bring in. Another landslide had covered the ruins of the house; and it was like a large mound of earth with only the ends of some timbers visible here and there—nothing more.

"Thus were the tribulations of the old Royalist couple ended in that sort of enormous and unconsecrated grave swallowing them up alive in their unhappy obstinacy against the will of the people. And their daughter was gone.

"That Gaspar Ruiz had carried her off I understood very well. But, as the case was not foreseen, I had no instructions to pursue. And certainly I had no desire to do so. I had grown mistrustful of my interference. It had never been successful and had not even appeared creditable. He was gone. Well, let him go. And he had carried off the Royalist girl! Nothing better. *Vaya con Dios.* This was not the time to bother about a deserter who, justly or unjustly, ought to have been dead, and a girl for whom it would have been better to have never been born.

"So I gave the word to march back to the town.

"After a few days, order having been reëstablished in the town, the principal families, including my own, left for Santiago. We had a fine house there. At the same time, the division of Robles was moved to new cantonments near the capital of the State, which suited very well the state of my familial and amorous feelings.

"One night, rather late, I was called to my chief. I found him in his quarters, at last, with his uniform off. He was a good soldier and he taught me the art and practice of war. No doubt God has been merciful to his soul; for his motives were never other than patriotic, if his character was irascible.

"I noticed at the first glance that his face, already very red, wore an expression of high good humor.

"'Aha! *Señor tenicute,*' he cried as I saluted him at the door, 'Behold! Your strong man has turned up again.'

"He extended to me a folded letter which I saw was superscribed to the Commander-in-Chief of the Republican Armies.

"'This,' General Robles went on, in his loud voice, 'was thrust by a boy into the hand of a sentry at the *Quartel General* while the fellow stood there thinking of his girl, no doubt, for, before he could gather his wits, the boy had disappeared among the market people, and he protests he could not recognize him to save his life.'

"My chief told me further that the soldier had given the letter to the sergeant of the guard and that ultimately it reached the hands of our *generalissimo*. His excellency had deigned to take cognizance of it with his own eyes. After that, he had referred the matter in confidence to General Robles.

"The letter, *señores*, I cannot now recollect textually. I saw the signature of Gaspar Ruiz. He was an audacious

fellow. He had snatched a soul for himself out of a cataclysm, remember. And now it is that soul which had dictated the terms of his letter. Its tone was very independent. I remember, it struck me at the time as noble—dignified. It was no doubt her letter. Now I shudder at the depth of its duplicity. He was made to complain of the injustice of which he had been a victim. He invoked his previous record as a soldier. Having been saved from death by an interposition of Providence, he could think of nothing but to retrieve his character. This he wrote he could not hope to do in the ranks as a common soldier still under suspicion. He had the means to give a striking proof of his fidelity. And he ended by proposing to the general-in-chief a meeting at night in the middle of the plaza before the Moneta. The signal would be to strike fire with flint and steel three times, which was not too conspicuous and yet distinctive enough for recognition.

"San Martin, the Great Liberator, loved men of audacity and courage. Besides, he was just and compassionate. I told him as much of the man's story as I knew and was ordered to accompany him on the appointed night." The signals were duly exchanged. It was midnight and the whole town was dark and silent. I saw their two cloaked figures come together in the centre of the vast plaza, and, keeping discreetly at a distance, I listened for an hour or more to the murmur of their voices. Then I saw the general motioning me to approach; and as I did so I heard San Martin, who was courteous to gentle and simple alike, offer Gaspar Ruiz the hospitality of the headquarters for the night. But he refused, saying that he would not be worthy of that honor till he had done something.

"'You cannot have a common deserter for your guest, Excellency,' he protested with a low laugh, and stepping backward became very indistinct in the night. The commander-in-chief observed to me as we turned away:

"'He had somebody with him, our friend Ruiz. I saw two figures. It was an unobtrusive companion.'

"I, too, had observed another figure join the vanishing form of Gaspar Ruiz. It had the appearance of a short fellow in a vast poncho and a big hat. And I wondered stupidly who it could be he dared take into his confidence. I might have guessed it could be no one but that fatal girl—alas!

"Where he kept her I do not know. He had—it was known afterward—an uncle, his mother's brother, a small shopkeeper in Santiago. Perhaps it was there that she found a roof and food. Whatever she found, it was poor enough to exasperate her pride and keep up her anger and hate. It is certain she did not accompany him on the feat he undertook to accomplish first of all. This was nothing less than the destruction of a store of war materials collected by the Spanish troops in the south, in a town called Linares.

"He was intrusted with a small party only, but they proved themselves worthy of San Martin's confidence. The season was not propitious. They had to swim swollen rivers. They seemed, however, to have galloped night and day, outriding the news of their foray and holding straight for the town a hundred miles into the enemy's country, till at dawn of the fifth day they rode into it sword in hand, surprising the little garrison. It fled without making a stand, leaving most of the officers in Gaspar Ruiz' hands.

"A great explosion of gunpowder ended the conflagration of the magazines they had set on fire without loss of time. In less than six hours they were riding away at the same mad speed without the loss of a single man. Good as they were, such an exploit is not performed without a still better leadership.

"I was dining at the headquarters when Gaspar Ruiz brought, himself, the news of his success. And it was a great blow to the Royalist troops. For a proof he had brought the garrison's flag. He took it from under his poncho and flung it on the table. The man was transfigured; there was something exulting and menacing in the expression of his face. He stood behind General San Martin's chair and looked proudly at us all. He had a round blue cap edged with silver braid on his head, and we all could see a large white scar on the nape of his sunburnt neck.

"Somebody asked him what he had done with the captured Spanish officers. He shrugged his shoulders scornfully:

"'What a question to ask? In a partisan war you do not burden yourself with prisoners. I let them go—and here are their sword-knots.'

"He flung a bunch of them on the table upon the flag. Then General Robles, whom I was attending there, spoke up in his loud, thick voice.

"'You did! Then, my brave friend, you do not know yet how a war like ours ought to be conducted. You should have done—this!'

"And he passed the edge of his hand across his own throat.

"Alas, *señores*, it was only too true that on both sides this contest, in its nature so heroic, was stained by ferocity! The murmurs that arose at General Robles' words were by no means unanimous in tone. But the generous and brave San Martin praised the humane action and pointed out to Ruiz a place on his right hand. Then, rising, he proposed a toast:

"'*Caballeros* and comrades-in-arms, the health of Captain Gaspar Ruiz!' And a moment later: 'I intend,' the commander-in-chief continued, 'to intrust him with the guard of our southern frontier, while we go afar to liberate our brethren in Peru. He, whom the enemy could not stop from striking a blow at his very heart, shall know how to stop the enemy from harrying the peaceful populations we leave behind us to pursue our sacred task.' And he embraced the silent Gaspar Ruiz by his side.

"Later, when we all rose from table, I approached the latest officer of the army with my congratulations.

"A Shrill Cry of '*Misericordia*' Pierced My Ears"

"'And, Captain Ruiz,' I added, 'perhaps you do not mind telling a man who has always believed in the uprightness of your character what has become of Doña Erminia.'

"At this friendly question his aspect changed. He looked at me from under his eyebrows with the heavy, dull glance of a *gnasso*—of a peasant.

"'*Señor teniente*,' he said thickly, and as if very much cast down, 'do not ask me about the *señorita*, for I prefer not to think about her at all when I am among you.' He looked, with a frown, all about the room, full of smoking and talking officers. Of course, I did not insist.

"These, *señores*, are the last words I was to hear him utter for a long, long time. The very next day we embarked for our arduous expedition to Peru, and we only heard of Gaspar Ruiz' doings in the midst of battles of our own. He had been appointed the military guardian of our southern province. He raised a *partida*. But his leniency to the conquered foe displeased the civil governor. He was a formal, uneasy man, full of suspicions. He forwarded reports against Ruiz to the supreme government; one of them being that he had married with great pomp a woman of Royalist tendencies. Quarrels are sure to arise between men of very different character. At last the civil governor began to complain of Ruiz' inactivity and to hint at treachery, which he said would not be surprising in a man of Ruiz' antecedents.

"Gaspar Ruiz heard of this. His rage flamed up and the woman ever by his side knew how to feed it with perfidious words. I do not know whether really the supreme government ever did—as he complained afterward—send orders for the arrest of Ruiz. It seems certain that the civil governor began to tamper with Ruiz' officers and that Gaspar discovered the fact.

"One evening, when the governor was giving a *tertullia*, Gaspar Ruiz, followed by six men whom he could trust, appeared riding through the town to the door of the government house, and entered the *sala*. As the governor, displeased, advanced to meet him, Ruiz seized the wretched man round the body, carried him off from the midst of the appalled guests as though he were a child, and flung him down the outer steps into the street. An angry hug from Gaspar Ruiz was enough to crush the life out of a giant; but in addition, Gaspar's horsemen fired their pistols at the body of the governor as it lay motionless at the bottom of the stairs.

"After this act of justice—as he called it—Ruiz crossed the Rio Blanco, followed by the faithful, which was the greatest part of his band. There he entrenched himself in a palisade. A company of regular troops sent out foolishly against him was surrounded and destroyed almost to a man. Other expeditions, though better organized, were equally unsuccessful.

"It was during these sanguinary skirmishes that his wife first began to appear on horseback at his right hand. Rendered proud and self-confident by his successes, he no longer charged at the head of his partida, but presumptuously, like a general directing the movements of an army, remained in the rear, well mounted and motionless on an eminence, sending out his orders. She was repeatedly seen at his side and for a long time was mistaken for a man. There was much talk then of a mysterious white-faced chief to whom the defeats of our troops were ascribed. She rode like Indian women do, astride, wearing a broad-brimmed man's hat and a dark poncho. Afterward, in the day of their greatest prosperity, this poncho was embroidered in gold and she wore then, also, the sword of poor Don Antonio de Leyva, a veteran Chilean officer, who, having the misfortune to be surrounded with his small force and running short of ammunition, found his death at the hands of the Arauco Indians, the allies and auxiliaries of Gaspar Ruiz. This was the fatal affair long remembered afterward as the 'Massacre of the Island.' The sword of the unhappy officer was presented to the woman by Peneleo, the Araucanian chief, for these Indians, struck by her aspect, the deathly pallor of her face which no exposure to the weather seemed to affect, and her calm indifference under fire, looked upon her as a supernatural being, or, at least, as a witch.

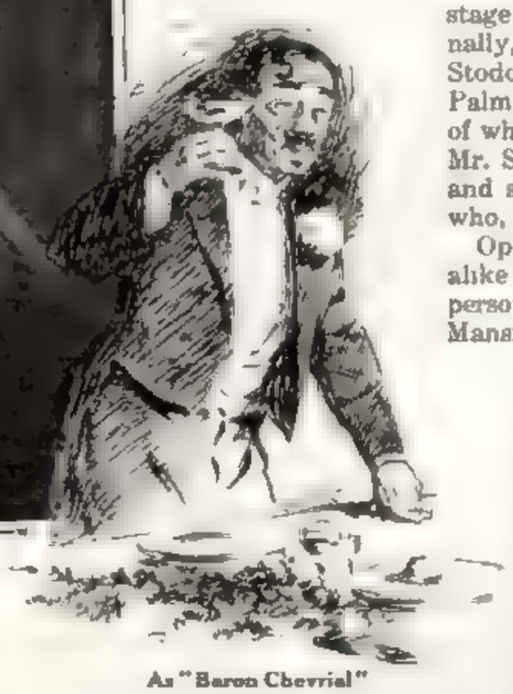
"By this superstition, the prestige and authority of Gaspar Ruiz among these ignorant people were greatly augmented. His wife must have savored her vengeance to the full on that day when she buckled on the sword-belt of poor Don Antonio de Leyva. It never left her side, unless she put on her woman's clothes—not that she would or could ever use it, but she loved to feel it beating upon her thigh as a perpetual reminder and symbol of the dishonor to the arms of the Republic. She was insatiable. Moreover, on the path she had led Ruiz there was no stopping. Escaped prisoners—and they were but few—used to relate how, with a few whispered words, she could change the expression of his face, change and revive his flagging

(Continued on Page 22)

PLAYERS: PAST AND PRESENT

Mansfield as "Beau Brummel"—"Who's Your Fat Friend?"

Richard Mansfield



As "Baron Chevrial"

By William Winter

RICHARD MANSFIELD
A Glance at a Brilliant Man

THE estimate that observation forms of a man still living cannot always be deemed conclusive. The man himself can invalidate it, in an instant, by some sudden action or some unexpected and surprising development; and, as a general truth, it should be remembered that no person is ever completely comprehended by anybody. We have glimpses of each other, but, practically, each individual is alone. In the most favorable circumstances, accordingly, no life can be more than approximately summarized until the whole record of it is complete—or not even then. It was a perception of this fact that caused the old grave-digger of Drumtochty to declare that there is no real comfort in a marriage, because nobody knows how it will turn out; whereas there is no room for solicitude about a burial, because, at all events, the play is over.

Richard Mansfield, still in the prime of life, is the most vital force now operant upon the American Theatre. He appeared, as genius always appears, suddenly, and as a surprise. In following the history of human development the reader comes, at intervals, upon periods of apparent sterility; periods in which intellectual fertility appears to have ceased; but, in every case, the syncope is only temporary. The middle of the eighteenth century, for example, was comparatively barren in English literature, but about the end of that century and the beginning of the next the embers of creative genius once more burst into flame, and the shining names of Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley and Keats were written, in letters of golden light, on the tablet of everlasting renown. At the end of the first third of the nineteenth century there came another barren time; but, all the while, the vast, unresting, inexplicable force that underlies Nature was at work, and soon the great novels of Dickens and Thackeray and the great poems of Tennyson and Arnold gave unequivocal proof that the fire of creative genius, though veiled, had by no means been extinguished. As it has been with poetry, so it has been with the other arts, and, conspicuously, with the Art of Acting. Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry, Helena Modjeska and Ada Rehan have taught successive generations that neither the Tragic nor the Comic Muse departed with Susanna Cibber, Margaret Woffington, Sarah Siddons, Mary Duff or Ellen Tree. Edwin Booth, who, about 1860, had inaugurated a new epoch of dramatic art, died in 1893, and it might then have been supposed that tragedy had died with him; but the sceptre that dropped from the dying hand of that great tragedian was taken up by Richard Mansfield, and by him it is worthily borne in the leadership of our stage to-day.

It was my good fortune to be present on the night when Mansfield made his first great success on the American stage. It was the night of January 10, 1883, at the Union Square Theatre, New York. The play was A Parisian Romance—one of the many literal, and therefore necessarily vulgar, pictures of semi-fast life in Paris so common in our theatre within the last twenty-five years. The part was that of Baron Chevrial, a wealthy banker, who lives for sensual pleasure; who avows the doctrines of extreme materialism; who is radically selfish, rapacious, licentious, epicurean and cruel; whose employment, in the dramatic fiction, is the crafty pursuit of a discontented wife, whom he is the means of driving to dishonor and death, and of a ballet-girl, by whom he is fooled, and in whose presence, and the presence of other vacuous vulgarians, he dies horribly—stricken with apoplexy. It would be difficult to conceive of a character more hateful than that of Baron Chevrial, or of circumstances more loathsome than those in which he is implicated. Nothing was expected of the actor. He took the town completely by surprise. His make-up for the rickety sinner was seen to be a marvel of fidelity—suggesting, in a hundred careful details, the premature decrepitude of an almost senile profligate. His horrid, cheerful, cynical exultation in sensuality and in vicious enterprise seemed to exert a sort of infernal charm, attracting even while it repelled; and his defiant audacity and tremendous fortitude of will, at the crisis of the banquet and in the death-scene, made the part splendid, even in its odious ignominy. The audience was astonished; the theatre trembled with a tumult of applause; and from that hour the eminence of the actor was assured. It afterward became known that this was one of those lucky accidents that have had so great an influence in moulding dramatic fortunes and making stage history. The part of Baron Chevrial had, originally, been cast to the distinguished veteran, James H. Stoddart, who held a leading position in Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company at the Union Square Theatre, of which Mansfield was then a subsidiary member; but Mr. Stoddart declined the part, as one out of his line, and so, fortunately, it fell to the younger comedian—who, indeed, was much better fitted to play it.

Opportunity, a precious thing and justly celebrated alike in poem and proverb, is useless except to those persons who are prepared to improve it. Richard Mansfield, an actor by inheritance and by training, was admirably fitted to seize the golden chance. From his boyhood he had been educated in the art of expression. His mother, distinguished on the musical stage of her day as Madame Rudersdorf, began, while he was yet a child, to instruct him in the elements of music and drama. He was quick to learn, and he never forgot. I have heard him say that it was a part of his morning study, every day, to practice with the voice, producing a series of tones and inflections, so as to develop and acquire complete control of it; and also to practice, before a mirror, the art of showing various emotions by means of facial play.

One of his tasks was to tell, by flexibility of expressive feature, the story of the experience of a child who has been promised the pleasure of a drive in the park, on a summer morning, in case the weather should prove fine. The child stands at a window, eagerly looking for the carriage, which, presently, to his great joy, arrives. Then the clouds gather and the sky is darkened. Then the rain begins to fall; the carriage is dismissed and driven away; the scene becomes cheerless; there can be no drive; disappointment has intervened, and joyous expectancy is changed to rueful grief and reluctant submission. Then, slowly the clouds drift away; sunshine floods the air; the carriage returns; the world is bright again; and the child is happy. All this had to be indicated, in the face, by continually changing expressions: other stories, of course, were invented, to be told in the same manner; and it is obvious that no better method could be devised of developing and guiding the dramatic instinct.

Madame Rudersdorf, a woman of exceptional, commanding talents and eccentric character, seems to have been desirous that her son, who had inherited her temperament and genius, should not adopt the profession of the stage. It is the common error of fond parents to suppose that they can live the lives of their children as well as their own. The elder Booth strongly objected to the adoption of the stage

As "Ivan the Terrible"

by his son Edwin, who, nevertheless, persisted in his course, and so became not only an illustrious leader, but a great public benefactor. If Madame Rudersdorf's will had prevailed, the American theatre to-day would lack its most brilliant figure and its most potential and righteous force.

Mansfield was made a student of painting, and it was, at first, intended that he should devote himself to that vocation. His birth occurred in Berlin, but the home of his youth was in the neighborhood of Boston, and there he joined a dramatic society called the Buskin Club, and thus early he imbibed the desire of histrionic employment and distinction. His first recorded appearance was made at the Boylston Hall, in that city, where he gave a miscellaneous entertainment, and presented Mr. Crummles, in a scene from Nicholas Nickleby. There is record also of his having appeared as Farintosh, in Robertson's comedy of School, in a performance of that piece, given by the Buskin Club, at a local theatre—on which occasion his mother, who was an auditor, said that her boy was "making a fool of himself."

He subsequently went to London, where he endeavored, but without success, to maintain himself as an artist, and where, presently, he appeared at one of the music-halls, doing "a musical turn," under the name of The Ravishing Roach. Later he took the place, temporarily, of the eccentric Corney Grain (he of the lank figure, the Don Quixote countenance, and the droll, kindly nature), in one of the entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed (Priscilla Horton). Those attempts were failures, and at that period in his career Mansfield had an experience of hardship and painful vicissitude—an experience afterward skillfully and effectively utilized by him, in his clever play called Monsieur, the central figure of which is an impoverished, but elegant, young musician, starving in London. By a fortunate chance, Mansfield obtained an engagement, in a traveling company, to act and sing, as Admiral Sir Joseph Porter, in Gilbert's Pinafore, then new to the stage. In that position he displayed signal ability, and from that time he was able to obtain a subsistence and to advance himself in professional capacity and public favor.

A memoir of the actor is not intended here, but only a glance at his achievements and position. One of the most auspicious incidents of Mansfield's career was his production of the play of Beau Brummel, which occurred at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, on May 19, 1890. His impersonation of the beau carried the play to success and has enabled him to keep it in his repertory ever since. That piece was made in a singular manner. About 1887 Mansfield applied to me for a list of plays, such as I might consider expedient for revival, and, in reply to his request, I directed his attention to several old comedies, long disused. In particular, I mentioned the comedy of Beau Nash, by Douglas Jerrold—a copy of which I sent to him to read. That play contains the well-drawn character of Richard Nash, "the Tiberius of a silk stocking" and "by the grace of impudence, King of Bath"—in his day a remarkable man, of whom the biography was written by no less an author than Oliver Goldsmith. The play contains, also, an amusing story, comic incidents, good equivoke, and various pungent examples of the caustic pleasantry for which its author was distinguished; for instance: "Virtue's a work of time; you cannot raise a character like a salad."—"Nothing was ever written in English that wouldn't have been finer in something else."—"A man's in no danger as long as he *talks* his love, but to *write* it is to impale himself on his own pothooks."
"People with one leg in the grave are so devilish long before they put in the other! Like birds, they seem to repose better on one leg."

The comedian read Beau Nash, and, although he did not find it practicable for the modern stage, he derived from it the idea of acting a beau. When next we met, this subject was discussed, and I then suggested to him that certain incidents in the life of Beau Brummel might be utilized in dramatic form. He had, I found, been reading Captain Jesse's memoir of that picturesque personage, and we agreed that the passage in which Captain Jesse records the half-imbecile exile's reception of imaginary guests could be expanded into a striking and pathetic closing scene.

A day or two later I sent to Mansfield, in writing, the plan of a play. The scene was to be laid partly in Oatlands, the country-seat of the Duke of York, now a hotel; partly in London; and partly in Calais, or Caen. Brummel was to be represented as a magnanimous gentleman, delicate, affectionate, gentle; a person of fine character and moral worth. He was to rescue a beautiful girl from the persecution of the Prince of Wales, and in that way to incur the royal enmity. He was to become enamored of that girl and to win from her a promise of marriage—dictated by her sense of obligation. He was then, casually, to ascertain that her affections were, secretly, fixed upon a handsome young man of narrow fortune; he was to rescue that youth from the perils of the gaming-table, and—with stern abnegation of himself—to procure the betrothal of the young lovers, and to disappear into France. There he was to endure poverty and the pangs of want; there, at a phantom feast, he was to welcome the phantom shapes of noble lords and ladies, the companions of his better days; and there, finally, he was to expire, after having been found by his old friends.

Upon that plan I believed that a practicable comedy could be written, and I was sure that Mansfield could write it. I was not then aware that the incident of Brummel's insane reception of imaginary visitors had been used in a play, but afterward I read a two-act piece, by Blanchard Jerrold, a paltry fabric, of no practical use, in which the incident of the phantom guests was employed. That incident is not a startling novelty to observers who remember Geoffrey Dale and the play of The Last Man. Mansfield wished me to aid him in writing a comedy about Beau Brummel, but that I declined to do, being burdened with other work. The result was that he employed Mr. W. C. Fitch, a Boston youth, who had been recommended to his attention by the well-known journalist, Edward A. Dithmar; and, changing my plan (without improving it), he dictated to that assistant the greater part of the piece as it now stands. Some of the more piquant lines in its dialogue are derived from Captain Jesse's book; others are taken from earlier plays; others are inventions of the actor. The scheme of idealizing the character was mine, and so was the fundamental idea of the play. Brummel, in actual life, was little better than a blackguard, and, according to Leigh Hunt, he became a physical wreck because of incontinence. Mansfield's acting has made him a romantic, pathetic, exquisite hero.

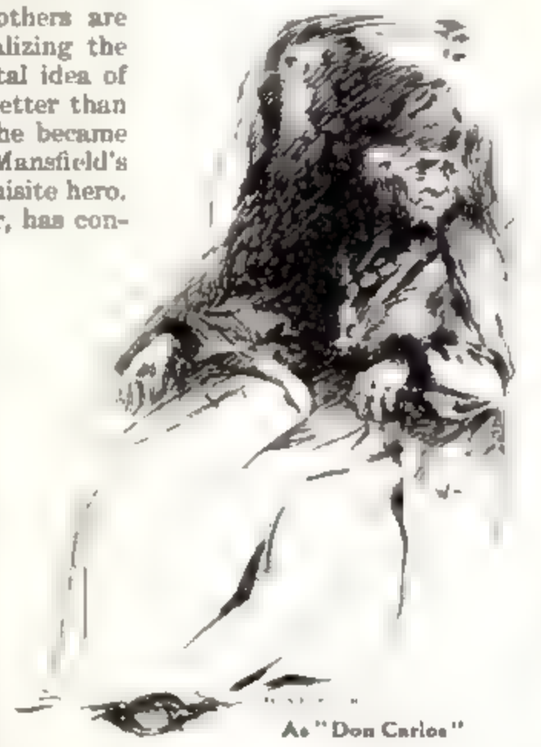
Mansfield, throughout his professional career, has conspicuously displayed the faculty of initiative—the faculty of choosing new subjects and making new applications of old ideas. He went back to Warren's once famous novel of Ten Thousand a Year, and made Titmouse a practical stage figure. He encouraged Mr. G. B. Shaw as a dramatic writer, and produced the only really effective plays ever made by that giddy, erratic, sophistical, mischievous satirist—Arms and the Man and The Devil's Disciple. He prompted the making of a play on The First Violin—that delicate, romantic novel, so highly esteemed by the judicious, conservative critic, George William Curtis, that he was inclined to place it at the head of contemporary fiction. He caused the dramatization of Stevenson's strange story of dual life, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and he was the first to put those characters on the stage. He transformed Prince Karl from a poor melodrama into an excellent farce, and, by a performance of exquisite charm, he made that trifle a source of much innocent pleasure. He imparted a fascinating bodily form to the airy, fanciful, felicitous, romantic conception of Beaucaire. He vitalized the quaint, half-merry, half-sombre play of Old Heidelberg. He succeeded with The Scarlet Letter, which nobody else ever made effective before. He added to the stage pantheon the grim figure and the tremendous character of the Russian despot, Ivan the Terrible. He revived Molière, in English—setting an example that bids fair to enrich the American stage with a long series of the classics of the literature of France. He reanimated Schiller's Don Carlos, a once famous tragedy, long dead to the theatre: and, in his elaborate productions of Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, Henry V and Julius Cæsar, he taught the younger generation of actors that splendid results can be obtained from conscientious revival of the massive works of Shakespeare.

One of his most practical and valuable services, alike to the stage and society, was the restoration of the good custom of having a varied repertory, instead of depending upon one or two parts. That custom he adopted, enforced and justified at a time when the dominant theatrical managers were opposed to it and allied against it. Those managers have since been compelled to favor that custom, and his example is now followed, because other actors, impressed by his prosperous policy, wish to adopt it, and have constrained the managers more or less to relax their button-making policy of small companies, restricted scenery and a "one set play."

As "Richard III"

The professional career of Richard Mansfield has been one of prodigious labor and much and painful vicissitude and trial; but it has culminated in brilliant renown. He has recently announced the purpose of presently retiring from the stage. The true workers—the persons who really do the important work of this world in their various lines and capacities—often feel that their task is finished and that their day is over, and they often long for their release. It was so with the great novelist Thackeray, who spoke of his work as finished even before he had written The Newcomes. It was so with the great actress, Charlotte Cushman, who often took leave of the stage, and as often returned to it. Mansfield's originality of mind and poetry of temperament, combined with his affluent, restless vitality, would always hold him in the realm of art. No other realm, indeed, exists in which there is a refuge for a noble soul and a sensitive heart. In all other realms there is the tumult of the raving world, and even in the refuge of art the voice of detraction can sometimes make itself heard.

Few men have been more sedulously and foolishly vilified than Richard Mansfield; and, since people generally are always more ready to believe ill than good of any distinguished person, all manner of idle yarns about him have been widely credited. Nervous and impetuous he may have been, and impatient of dullness, cut-and-dried formality, and stupid, tedious convention. The poet Heine declared that even the clouds, when they happened to drift over Hamburg, the moment they looked down at its soulless, deadly regularity of huckstering commonplace and routine, made haste to fly from it. Byron noticed that "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."



As "Don Carlos"

I have known Richard Mansfield for many years, and I have never known a man of kinder heart, gentler disposition or simpler taste, nor one more easily led by sympathy and kindness. In fighting—sometimes through poverty and sickness—the hard fight that genius always has to wage with a purse-proud society, entrenched within its ramparts of wealth and privilege, he has developed a sporadic tendency to harsh, imperious manners and to ebullitions of cynical sarcasm, and sometimes he has been belligerent, splenetic, irrational and unkind. Furthermore, when dubious as to his due recognition, and, therefore, unsure of himself, he has sometimes become distrustful of everybody. Ajax, in Sophocles (and that is very ancient history), intimates that few persons reach the port of friendship and therein find rest. At all times Mansfield has been of a mercurial temper, and in some moods he has fallen into the deepest dejection—undervalued himself and his achievements; firmly persuaded himself that he had done no sort of justice to his profession or his opportunity; and lapsed into a lethargy of morose resentment of all praise and a bitter unbelief in all human affection.

But now Mansfield's complete victory has been gained. Time and experience have taught him magnanimity and serene self-poise; and all his later acting, writing and living have shown a splendid concentration of intellect and a fine repose of conscious power. No man was ever more richly blessed with a saving sense of humor, and few men have had more reason to be thankful for that blessing. Only a few years ago, when he was recovering from a dangerous, nearly fatal, attack of typhoid fever, he received an anonymous letter, coarsely and grossly expressive of the writer's animosity, and of a lively regret that he had not died. There is a depraved order of the human mind, capable of atrocity like that—serving only to show how contemptible human nature can be, and what essential need there is of a pitying, humorous view of life. Lord Tennyson, in his memoir of his father, mentions that, periodically, for years the great poet received an anonymous letter, always in the same hand, filled with abuse of his poetry. A man of positive character, of course, inspires enmity, and a successful man, no matter what his vocation, awakens envy and malice. Richard Mansfield is both positive and successful; and, furthermore, like the late Henry Irving, he has the talent (not always a safe one to use) of playful satire. The French comedian, Constant Coquelin, once said to him:

"I must always have *one* place, at least, in every performance, where I can go to sleep for a moment."

(Concluded on Page 21)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Baron of Geneseo

JAMES W. WADSWORTH was in Congress twenty years before he made a ripple. Then, one night during the meat-inspection row, he wrote a letter to the President that was tarter than the tart letter the President wrote to him, and people began to sit up and ask: "Who's Wadsworth?"

Meat concerns everybody but vegetarians, and it concerns them more than anybody. Thus, Wadsworth's name appeared in headlines and dispatches in every paper in the country. It was discovered that he is chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, and that he had in charge the House substitute for the Beveridge law. What he did to the Beveridge law is neither here nor there, although it was plenty. "Who's Wadsworth?" is the question.

He is known in New York, where he has been in politics for many years. Up in the Genesee Valley the name Wadsworth is the synonym for wealth, aristocracy, riding to hounds and ownership of the Republican party. You see, the Wadsworths are the overlords of Livingston County. They own square miles of the land in that fertile valley, and they have owned it since the original brothers, Charles and William, rode in there from Connecticut in the early days of the nineteenth century and got enormous tracts for a mere song—and it is not recorded in history that they were very good singers, either.

Say "Wadsworth" in Livingston County and you mean the ruling classes. There is a covey of them—James W. and James W., II, and William Austin, and Herbert, and Jim Sam, and Craig, and Mrs. Charles F. and all the rest, and they own farm after farm of that wonderful soil where the Genesee Valley wheat was raised in the days before the great West was developed and Rochester was the Flour instead of the Flower City. The legend was that the Wadsworths could ride from Geneseo to Rochester on their own land. That is twenty-nine miles. Perhaps the exigencies of getting their farms into more compact shape has made that impossible now, but they have not been careless enough to give up any land, whether or no.

They live in Geneseo, James W. at one end of the main street and his cousin, William Austin, at the other, in great country houses overlooking the beautiful valley, and they dominate the situation. William Austin is the richest of the lot, but James W., the Representative, has a few millions of his own. James is the politician. William Austin had ambitions once, and James W., not thinking the strife and turmoil of politics suitable for the temperament of his cousin, sidetracked him by giving him a chance to perpetuate the martial history of the family. He offered to let William Austin be a hero. President McKinley appointed William Austin a major and commissary. He went to the Philippines and resigned a few minutes after he got there. His reason is famous in the Army. "Damme," he said, "I wanted to be a soldier and they made me a grocery clerk." He returned to his horses and hounds and his life of splendid ease on his broad acres.

James W. went into politics early. His father, a great soldier, General James Wadsworth, was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness soon after he had been defeated for governor in New York. The son inherited the land and carried out the Wadsworth policy of tenantry, which more closely resembles the English system than any in this country. Some of the farms have been tilled by three and four generations of the same families. They are recognized Wadsworth retainers, and the fact that they are is evidence that the Wadsworths are good landlords.

The policy of holding the land worked so well that James W. started out with the theory that the same methods should be applied to politics. He began as supervisor, went to the Assembly, was State comptroller for a term and then went to Congress. He served two terms and was out three. The cute little machine he was constructing was not in its present working order. He got back to the Fifty-second Congress and he has been there ever since.

The laws do not permit entail of property, but there is no reason why political leadership should not be entailed, if the game can be made to work. It is working with Wadsworth apparently. When the news of the birth of James W. Wadsworth, III, came to Geneseo one of the commoners met James W., I, on the street. "I congratulate you on becoming a grandfather," he said, "but it is pretty tough that the Constitution should stand in the kid's way."

"I do not understand," Wadsworth replied.

"Why," said the commoner, "we are all sorry he will have to wait until he is twenty-one years old before we can elect him to some office."

James W. Wadsworth, Representative from the Thirty-fourth New York District

Now, that was a raw joke, but a natural comment, for James W. Wadsworth, I, while holding down the membership in Congress for the district, elected his son, James W. Wadsworth, II, to the Assembly, and it was the firstborn of James W., II, to whom the commoner referred. Still, it made no impression on James W., I, for he is not impressionable. He tells the people what he wants and the people gladly give it to him. They have to be glad, for it would make no difference if they were sorry. He'd get it anyway.

By and large, there is no prettier political machine than the Wadsworth one that operates in Livingston County and in the other counties of the Thirty-fourth New York District. It has been built by assiduous toil. It works like a clock. From time to time it has had jolts, but usually it is successful, and James W. the father is training James W. the son to take charge of it and perpetuate it.

There were loud shouts from the politicians when Governor Higgins, of New York, said last December it was his opinion that James W. Wadsworth, II, should be the Republican candidate for Speaker of the Assembly. He was but twenty-seven years old and had served but one term in the Legislature. The loud shouts dwindled to whispers of praise when it was found the President was behind young Wadsworth. The father had fixed that, and the political entail for Livingston County began to be a reality. It is a shame, as the commoner said, that James W. Wadsworth, III, is only three years old. With his added advantage of being the grandson of John Hay, the young man surely should be a supervisor, at least, and thus begin the progression.

Politics and land are not the only things that are hereditary in the family. Baseball is another. If the Yale partisans want to know who will be first baseman of the 'Varsity nine in about 1921, they have not far to seek. That distinguished person will undoubtedly be James W. Wadsworth, III. The Wadsworth architecture fits a man to play first base, and the Wadsworths, first and second, were famous first basemen.

James W., I, didn't play with Yale. He left that institution of learning to go to war on his father's staff. But he was a great first baseman none the less. The game, next to cattle, was his passion, and back in the early seventies his nine, the Livingstons, was the best semi-professional organization in the country. Wadsworth supported it for the pure love of the game, and the small boys of those days who lived in Geneseo saw the beginnings of Mike Kelly and Larry Corcoran and Stump Weidman, and many another who became a big league star. Wadsworth took his club all around the country in a tally-ho until he found that some of his associates were making bets on games and then losing instead of winning them. He played but little after that until the boy, now the Speaker, showed that he was a first baseman. Then the father organized a nine of the best college players in the country, picking them expertly. This second edition of the Livingstons he took on tour for several seasons, going along to watch the games and playing for fun with the crack amateur and semi-professional nines in the East. He boasts now that his club lost only a few games, and he also boasts that the boy played first base as well as he could when he held that position, and John B. Stanchfield, recently Democratic candidate for governor of New York, used to pitch.

Wadsworth is a tall, athletic man, who walks with the swing of a ball-player. He has a limp due to a broken leg he got once when he was thrown from the top of a tally-ho while returning from a ride after his cousin's hounds at one of the meets of the Genesee Valley Hunt. He is as good-looking as any man in Congress, which means much or little according to standards of manly beauty. He rarely makes a speech in Congress, but he is popular and knows how to get what he wants.

"Wadsworth?" said the President, in speaking of him. "Oh, Wadsworth raises some pet stock and thinks he is a cattleman."

That was hardly a fair designation, for Wadsworth raises a lot of export cattle on his fields in the Genesee Valley, and the men in the stock yards in Buffalo and Chicago say he is one of the most expert buyers of all who come to get stockers and feeders. He gives personal attention to his farms and runs his business himself. When he wants to buy cattle he doesn't delegate the work to commission men, but puts on a pair of rubber boots and goes into the yards and buys them. He is hard-headed and thrifty.

Being a Wadsworth is a good job. If any man can point out a pleasanter existence than to own thousands of acres in the Genesee Valley, to have plenty of money, to be the leader in politics and always to get what is wanted for himself and his family, he can have the floor.

The pickle sign that for some years flashed out pure-food—it said—epigrams at the corner of Fourteenth Street and the Avenue in Washington went on a toot one night. From staid and sober advice about things to eat it turned to ribaldry and riot.

"Be a bean!" it said. "Be a bean!" and then, after a convulsion, it went to higher things and said: "Be a Baron."

"Be a Baron," spelled Wadsworth, coming down the street with a friend. "That's good advice."

"Indeed it is, Jimmie," the friend replied, "but you do not need it. You're one now."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Curtis Guild, Jr., the Governor of Massachusetts, is one of the star stump-speakers of the country.

¶ Minister Quesada protests that he does not put up his hair in curl papers or frizz it every night. Many people will be surprised.

¶ "Big Tim" Sullivan, of New York, who has just resigned his seat in Congress, made a record this year. They say he was not in his seat two hours during the entire session.

¶ Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, and Senator Bailey, of Texas, fight bitterly over the Constitution, but get together afterward and "talk hoss." Each has a fad for harness horses.

¶ Alford W. Cooley, the Civil Service Commissioner and member of the Tennis Board, has a fit every time his name is spelled Alfred. He throws several each time his mail is handed to him.

¶ J. C. W. Beckham, Governor of Kentucky, who has announced himself as a candidate for the United States Senate, was proposed for President in 1904 on the platform that he is the handsomest governor in the United States.

¶ Secretary Shaw has joined a golf club. Justice Harlan has offered to let Shaw practice two months and then give him a handicap of two strokes a hole, and the Justice will wager a—well, he'll wager that he can beat the Secretary.

¶ William R. Smith, superintendent of the National Botanic Garden, has spent his life studying plants and making a collection of Burnsiana. People who know say he has more and better Burns manuscripts, editions and miscellanies than any one in this country.

¶ Notwithstanding the fact that New York has practically no representation in the Senate, the Empire State is strong in the Administration. The President, Loeb, Secretary Root and Secretary Cortelyou are from New York and Secretary Metcalf was born there.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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XII

SIWARD, at his desk, over which the May sunshine streamed, his crutches laid against his chair, sat poring over the piles of papers left there by Beverly Plank some days before with a curt recommendation that he master their contents.

Some of the papers were typewritten, some appeared to be engraved certificates of stock, a few were in Plank's heavy, squat handwriting. There were several packages tied in pink tape, evidently legal papers of some sort; and also a pile of scrapbooks containing newspaper clippings, to which Siward referred occasionally, or read them at length, resting his thin, fatigued face between two bony hands.

The curious persistence of youth in his features seemed unaccountable in view of the heavy marks imprinted there; but they were marks, not lines; bluish hollows under eyes still young, marred contours of the cheek-bone; a hardness about the hollow temples above which his short, bright hair clustered with all its soft, youthful allure undimmed; and in every movement, every turn of his head, there still remained much of that indefinable attractiveness which had always characterized his race—much of the unconscious charm usually known as breeding.

That he could never hope to become immune he had learned at last when he had returned, physically wholesome, from his long course of training under the famous Irish specialist on the Hudson.

He had been a fool. He had imagined that he could control himself, and practice the moderation that other men practiced when they chose. The puerile restraint annoyed him; his implied inability to master himself humiliated him—the more so because, secretly, he was horribly afraid in the remote depths of his heart.

Exactly how it happened he did not remember, except that he had gone downtown on business and had lunched with several men. There was claret. Later he remembered another café, farther uptown, and another, more brilliantly lighted. After that there were vague hours—the fierce fever of debauch wrapping night and day in flame through which he moved, unseeing, unheeding, deafened, drenched, soul and body, in the living fire; or dreaming, feeling the subsiding fury of desire pulse and ebb and flow, rocking him to unconsciousness.

His father's old servants had found him again, this time in the area; and this time the same ankle, not yet strong, had been broken.

Through the waning winter days, as he lay brooding in bitterness, realizing that it was all to do over again, Plank's shy visits became gradually part of the routine. But it was many days before Siward perceived in the big, lumbering, pink-fisted man anything to attract him beyond the faintly amused curiosity of one man for another who is in process of establishing himself as the first of a race.

As for reciprocation in other forms except the most superficial, or of permitting a personal note to sound ever so discreetly, Siward tolerated no such idea. Even the tentative advances of Plank hinting on willingness, and perhaps ability, to help Siward in the Amalgamated tangle were pleasantly ignored. Unpaid services rendered by men like Plank were impossible; any obligation to Plank was utterly out of the question. Meanwhile they began to like one another—at least Siward often found himself looking forward with pleasure to a visit from Plank. There had never been any question of the latter's attitude toward Siward.

Plank began to frequent the house, but never informally. It is doubtful whether he could have practiced informality in that house even at Siward's invitation. Something of the attitude of a college lower classman for a man in a class above seemed to typify their relations; and that feeling is never entirely eradicated between men, no matter how close their relationship in after-life.

One very bad night Plank came to the house and was admitted by Gumble. Wands, the second man, stood behind the aged butler; both were apparently frightened. That something was amiss appeared plainly enough; and Plank, instinctively producing a card, dropped it on a table and turned to go. It may have been that the old butler recognized the innate delicacy of the motive, or it may have been a sudden confidence born of the necessities of the case, for he asked Plank to see his young master.

And Plank, looking him in the eyes, considered, until his courage began to fail. Then he went upstairs.

It was a bad night outside, and it was a bad night for Siward. The master-vice had him by the throat. He sat there, clutching the arms of his chair, his broken leg, in its plaster casing, extended in front of him; and when he saw Plank enter he glared at him.

Hour after hour the two men sat there, the one white with rage, but helpless; the other, stolid, inert, deaf to demands for intercession with the arch-vice, dumb under pleadings for a compromise. He refused to interfere with the butler, and Siward insulted him. He refused to go and find the decanters himself, and Siward deliberately cursed him.

Outside the storm raged all night. Inside that house Plank faced a more awful tempest. There was a sedative on the mantel and he offered it to Siward, who struck it from his hand.

Once, toward morning, Siward feigned sleep, and Plank, heavy head on his breast, feigned it, too. Then Siward bent over stealthily and opened a drawer in his desk; and Plank was on his feet like a flash, jerking the morphine from Siward's fingers.

The doctor arrived at daylight, responding to Plank's summons by telephone, and Plank went away with the morphine and Siward's revolver bulging in the side-pockets of his dinner-coat.

He did not come again for a week. A short note from Siward started him toward lower Fifth Avenue.

There was little said when he came into the room:

"Hello, Plank! Glad to see you."

"Hello! Are you all right?"

"All right. . . . Much obliged for pulling me through. Wish you'd pull me through this Amalgamated Electric knot-hole, too—some day!"

"Do—do you mean it?" ventured Plank, turning red with delight.

"Mean it? Indeed I do—if you do. Sit here; ring for whatever you want—or perhaps you'd better go down to the sideboard. I'm not to be trusted with the odor in the room just yet."

"I don't care for anything," said Plank.

"Whenever you please, then. You know the house, and you don't mind my being unceremonious, do you?"

"No," said Plank.

"Good!" rejoined Siward, laughing. "I expect the same friendly lack of ceremony from you."

But that, for Plank, was impossible. All he could do was to care the more for Siward without crossing the borderline so suddenly made free; all he could do was to sit there rolling and unrolling his gloves into wads with his clumsy, highly-colored hands, and gazing consciously at everything in the room except Siward.

On that day, at Plank's shy suggestion, they talked over Siward's business affairs for the first time. After that day, and for many days, the subject became the keynote to their intercourse; and Siward at last understood that this man desired to do him a service absolutely and purely from a disinterested liking for him, and as an expression of that liking. Also, he was unexpectedly made aware of Plank's serenely unerring business sagacity.

That surface cynicism which all must learn, sooner or later, or remain the victims of naïve credulity, was, in Siward, nothing but an outer skin, as it is in all who acquire wisdom with their cynicism. It was not long proof against Plank's simple attitude and undisguised pleasure in doing something for a man he liked. Under that simplicity no motive, no self-interest, could skulk; and Siward knew it.

Siward had insisted from the first on a business arrangement. The treachery of Major Belwether through sheer fright had knocked the foundation from the syndicate, and the dam which made the golden pool possible collapsed, showering Plank's brokers, who worked patiently with buckets and mops.

The double treachery of Quarrier was now perfectly apparent to Plank. Siward, true to his word, held his stock in the face of ruin. Kemp Ferrall, furious with the Major, and beginning to suspect Quarrier, came to Plank for consultation.

Then the defense formed under Plank. Legal machinery was set in motion, meeting followed meeting, until Harrington cynically showed his hand and Quarrier smiled his rare smile; and the fight against Inter-County was on in the open, preceded by a furious clamor of charge and countercharge in the columns of the daily press.

That Quarrier had been guilty of something or other was the vague impression of that great news-reading public which, stunned by the reiteration of figures in the millions, turns to the simpler pleasures of a murder trial. Besides, whatever Quarrier had done was no doubt done within the chalk-marked courts of the game, though probably his shoes may have become a little dusty.

But who could hope to bring players like Quarrier before the ordinary umpire, or to investigate his methods with the every-day investigations reserved for every-day folk, whose road through business life lay always between State's prison and the penitentiary, and whose guide-posts were policemen?

Let the great syndicates join in battle; they could only slay each other. Let the millions bury their millions; the public, though poorer, could never be the wiser.

Siward, at his desk, the May sunshine pouring over him, sat conning the heaps of typewritten sheets, striving to see between the lines some sign of fortune for his investments, some promise of release from the increasing financial stringency, some chance of justice being done on those high priests who had been performing marvelous tricks upon their altar so that, by miracle, mine and thine spelled "ours," and all the tablets of the law were lettered upside down and hind-side before, like the Black Mass.

Gumble knocked presently. Siward raised his perplexed eyes.

"Miss Page, sir."

"Oh," said Siward doubtfully; then, "Ask Miss Page to come up."

Marion strolled in a moment later, exchanged a vigorous handshake with Siward, pulled up a chair and dropped into it. She was in riding-habit and boots, faultlessly groomed as usual, her smooth, pale hair sleek in its thick knot, collar and tie immaculate as her gloves.

"Well," she said, "any news of your ankle, Stephen?"

"I inquired about my ankle," said Siward, amused, "and they tell me it is better, thank you."

"Sit a horse pretty soon?" she asked, dropping one leg over the other and balancing the riding-crop across her knee.

"Not for a while. You have a fine day for a gallop, Marion," looking askance at the sunshine filtering through the first green leaves of the tree outside his window.

"It's all right—the day. I'm trying Tom O'Hara's new mare. They say she's a little devil. I never saw a devil of a horse—did you? There may be some out West."

"Don't break that pretty neck of yours, Marion," he said.

She lifted her eyes; then, briefly, "No fear," said she.

"Yes, there is," he said. "There's no use looking for trouble in a horse. Women who hunt as you hunt take all that's legitimately coming to them. Why doesn't Tom ride his own mare?"

"She rolled on him," said Marion simply.

"Oh. Is he hurt?"

"Ribs."

"Well, he's lucky!"

"Isn't he? He'll miss a few drills with his precious squadron, that's all."

She was looking about her, preoccupied. The clean-cut head, the sweetness of her youth and femininity, boyish in its allure, were very attractive to him—more so, perhaps, because of his isolation from the atmosphere of women.

"It's all very well, Marion, your coming here—and it's very sweet of you, and I enjoy it immensely," he said; "but it's a deuced imprudent thing for you to do, and I feel bound to say so for your sake every time you come."

She leaned back in her chair.

"All right," he said, unconvinced.

"Certainly, it's all right. I've done what suited me all my life. This suits me."

"It suits me, too," he said; "only I wish you'd tell your mother before somebody around this neighborhood informs her first."

"Let 'em. You'll be out by that time. Do you think I'm going to tell my mother now and have her stop it?"

"Oh, Marion, you know perfectly well that it won't do for a girl to ignore first principles. I'm horribly afraid somebody will talk about you."

"What would you do, then?"

"I?" he asked, disturbed. "What could I do?"

"Why, I suppose," she said slowly, "you'd have to marry me."

"Then," he rejoined with a laugh, "I should think you'd be scared into prudence by the prospect."

"I am not easily—scared," she said, looking down.

"Not at *that* prospect?" he said jestingly.

She looked up at him; and he remembered afterward the poise of her small head, and the slow, clear color mounting; remembered that it conveyed to him, somehow, a hint of courage and sincerity.

"I am not frightened," she said gravely.

Gravity fell upon him, too. In this young girl's eyes there was no evasion. For a long while he had felt vaguely that matters were not perfectly balanced between them. At moments, even, he had felt an indefinable uneasiness in her presence. The situation troubled him, too; and though he had known her from childhood and had long ago learned to discount her vagaries of informality, her manners *sans façon*, her careless ignoring of convention, and the unembarrassed terms of her speech, his common-sense could not countenance this defiance of social usage, sure to involve even such a privileged girl as she in some unpleasantness.

This troubled him; and now, partly skeptical, yet partly conscious, too, of her very frank liking for himself, he looked at her, perplexed, apprehensive, unwilling to credit her with any deeper meaning than her words expressed.

She had grown pink and restless under his gaze, but courage characterized her race. It had required more than he knew for her to come into his house; and now that she was there loyalty to her professed principles—that a man and a woman were by right endowed with equal privileges—forced her to face the consequences of her theory in the practice.

She had, with calm face and quivering heart, given him an opening. That was a concession to her essential womanhood and a cowardice on her part; and, lest she turn utterly traitor to herself, she faced him again, cool, quiet, and terror in her heart:

"I'd be very glad to marry you—if you c-cared to," she said

"Marion!"

"Yes?"

"Oh—I—it is—of course, it's a joke."

"No; I'm serious."

"Serious! Nonsense!"

"Please don't say that."

He looked at her, appalled.

"But I—but you don't love—can't be in love with *me!*" he stammered.

"I am."

Gloved hands tightening on either end of her riding-crop, she bent her knee against it, balancing there, looking straight at him.

"I meant to tell you so," she said, "if you didn't tell me first. So—I was rather—tired waiting. So I've told you."

"It is only a fancy," he said, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

"I don't think so, Stephen."

But he could not meet her candor, and he sat, silent, miserable, staring at the papers on his desk.

After a while she drew a deep, even breath, and rose to her feet.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

"Marion—I never dreamed that ——"

"You should dream truer," she said. There was a suspicion of mist in her clear eyes; she turned abruptly to the window and stood there for a few moments, looking down at her brougham waiting in front of the house. "It can't be helped, can it?" she said, turning suddenly.

He found no answer to her question.

"Good-by," she said, walking to him with outstretched hand; "it's all in a lifetime, Steve, and that's too short for a good, clean friendship like ours to die in. I don't think I'd better come again. Look me up for a gallop when you're fit. And you might drop me a line to say how you're getting on. Is it all right, Stephen?"

"All right," he said hoarsely.

Their hands tightened in a crushing clasp; then she swung on her spurred heel and walked out, leaving him haggard, motionless. He heard the front door close, and he swayed forward, dropping his face in his hands, arms half-buried among the papers on his desk.

Plank found him there, an hour later, fumbling among the papers, and at first feared that he read in Siward's drawn and sullen face a premonition of the ever-dreaded symptoms.

"Quarrier has telephoned asking for a conference at last," he said abruptly, sitting down beside Siward.

"Well," inquired Siward, "how do you interpret that—favorably?"

"I am inclined to think he is a bit uneasy," said Plank cautiously. "Harrington made a secret trip to Albany last week. You didn't know that?"

"No."

"Well, he did. It looks to me as though there were going to be a ghost of a chance for an investigation. That is how I am inclined to consider Harrington's trip and Quarrier's flag of truce. But—I don't know. There's nothing definite, of course. You are as conversant with the situation as I am."

"No, I am not. That is like you, Plank, to ascribe to me the same business sense that you possess, but I haven't got it. It's very nice and considerate of you, but I haven't it, and you know it."

"I think you have."

"You think so because you think generously. That doesn't alter the facts. Now tell me what you have concluded that we ought to do and I'll say 'Amen,' as usual."

Plank laughed, and looked over several sheets of the typewritten matter on the desk beside him.

"Suppose I meet Quarrier," he said.

"All right. Did he suggest a date?"

"At four, this afternoon."

"Do you think you had better go?"

"I think it might do no harm," said Plank.

"Amen!" observed Siward, laughing, and touched the electric button for the early tea, which Plank adored at any hour.

For a while they dropped business and discussed their tea, chatting very comfortably together. Long ago Siward had found out something of the mental breadth of the man beside him, and that he was worth listening to as well as talking to. For Plank had formed opinions upon a great many subjects; and whatever culture he possessed was from sheer desire for self-cultivation.

"You know, Siward," he was accustomed to say with a smile, "you inherit what I am qualifying myself to transmit."

"It will be all one in a thousand years," was Siward's usual rejoinder.

"That is not going to prevent my efforts to become a good ancestor to my descendants," Plank would say laughingly. "They shall have a chance, every one of them. And it will be up to them if they don't make good."

Sipping their tea in the pleasant, sunny room, they discussed matters of common interest—Plank's recent fishing trip on Long Island and the degeneracy of liver-fed trout; the North Side Club's experiments with European partridges; Billy Fleetwood's new stables; forestry, and the chance of national legislation concerning it—a subject of which Plank was very fond, and on which he had exceedingly sound ideas.

Drifting from one topic to another through the haze of their cigars, silent when it pleased them to be so, there could be no doubt of their liking for each other upon a basis at least superficially informal; and if Plank's manner retained at times a shade of quaint reserve, Siward's was perhaps the more frankly direct for that reason.

"I think," observed Plank, laying his half-consumed cigar on the silver tray, "that I'd better go downtown and see what our pre-glacial friend Quarrier wants. I may be able to furnish him with a new sensation."

"I wonder if Quarrier ever experienced a genuine sensation," mused Siward, arranging the papers before him into divisional piles.

"Plenty," said Plank dryly.

"I don't think so."

"Plenty," repeated Plank. "It's your thin-lipped, thin-nosed, pasty-pale, symmetrical brother who is closer to the animal under his mask than any of us imagine. I ——" He hesitated. "Do you want to know my opinion of Quarrier? I've never told you. I don't usually talk about my—dislikes. Do you want to know?"

"Certainly," said Siward curiously.

"Then, first of all, he is a sentimentalist."

"Oh! oh!" jeered Siward.

"A sentimentalist of the weakest type," continued Plank obstinately; "because he sentimentalizes over himself. Siward, look out for the man with elaborate whiskers! Look out for a pallid man with eccentric hair and a silky beard! He's a sentimentalist of the sort I told you, and is usually utterly remorseless in his dealings with women. I suppose you think me a fool."

"I think Quarrier is indifferent concerning women," said Siward.

"You are wrong. He is a sensualist," insisted Plank.

"Oh, no, Plank—not that!"

"A sensualist. His sentimental vanity he lavishes upon himself—the animal in him on women. His caution, born of self-consideration, is the caution of a beast. Such men as he believe they live in the focus of a million eyes. Part of his vanity is to deceive those eyes and be what he is under the mask he wears; and to do that one must be the very master of caution. That is Quarrier's vanity. To conceal is his monomania."

"I cannot see how you draw that conclusion."

"Siward, he is a bad man, and crafty—every inch of him."

"Oh, come now! Only characters in fiction have no saving qualities. You never heard of anybody in real life being entirely bad."

"No, I didn't, and Quarrier isn't. For example, he is kind to valuable animals—I mean, his own."

"Good to animals! The bad man's invariable characteristic!" laughed Siward. "I'm kind to 'em, too. What else is he good to?"

"Everybody knows that he hasn't a poor relation left; not one. He is loyal to them in a rare way; he filled one subsidiary company full of them. It is known downtown as the 'Home for Destitute Nephews.'"

"Seriously, Plank, the man must have something good in him."

"Because of your theory?"

"Yes. I believe that nobody is entirely bad. So do the great masters of fiction."

Plank said gravely: "He is a good son to his father. That is perfectly true—kind, considerate, dutiful, loyal. The financial world is perfectly aware that Stanley Quarrier is to-day the most unscrupulous old scoundrel who ever crushed a refinery or debauched a railroad! and his son no more believes it than he credits the scandalous history of Wall Street. Why, when I was making arrangements for that chapel Quarrier came to me, very much perturbed, because he understood that all the memorial chapels for the cathedral had been arranged for, and he had desired to build one to the memory of his father. His *father!* Isn't it awful to think of—a *chapel* to the memory of the briber of judges and of legislators, the cynical defier of law—this hoary old thief, who beggared the widow and stripped the orphan, and whose only match, as a great unpunished criminal, was that sinister little predecessor of his, who dreamed even of debauching the Executive of these United States!"

Siward had never before seen Plank aroused, and he said so, smiling.

"That is true," said Plank earnestly; "I waste little temper over my likes and dislikes. But what I know, and what I legitimately infer concerning the younger Quarrier, is enough to rouse any man's anger. I won't tell you what I know. I can't. It has nothing to do with his financial methods, nothing to do with this business; but it is bad—bad all through! The blow his father struck at the integrity of the bench the son strikes at the very keystone of all social safeguard. It isn't my business; I cannot interfere; but, Siward, I'm a damned restless witness, and the old, primitive longing comes back on me to strike—to take a stick and use it to splinters on that man whom I am going downtown to politely confer with! . . . And I *must* go now. Good-by. . . . Take care of that ankle. Any books I can send you—anything you want? No? All right. And don't worry over Amalgamated Electric, for I really believe we are beginning to frighten them badly."

"Good-by," said Siward. "Don't forget that I'm always at home."

"You must get out," muttered Plank; "you must get well, and get out into the sunshine." And he went ponderously downstairs to the square hall, where Gumble held his hat and gloves ready for him.

He had come in a big yellow and black touring-car; and now, with a brief word to his mechanic, he climbed into the tonneau, and away they sped downtown—a glitter of bull's-eye, brass and varnish, with the mellow horn notes floating far in their wake.

It was exactly four o'clock when he was ushered into Quarrier's private suite in the great marble Algonquin Loan and Trust Building, the upper stories of which were all golden in the sun against a sky of sapphire.

Quarrier was alone, gloved and hatted, as though on the point of leaving. He showed a slight surprise at seeing Plank, as if he had not been expecting him; and the manner of offering his hand subtly emphasized it as he came forward with a trace of inquiry in his greeting.

"You said four o'clock, I believe," observed Plank bluntly.

"Ah, yes. It was about that—ah—matter—ah—I beg your pardon, can you recollect?"

"I don't know what it is you want. *You* requested this meeting," said Plank, yawning.

"Certainly. I recollect it perfectly now. Will you sit here, Mr. Plank—for a moment ——"

"If it concerns Inter-County, it will take longer than a moment—unless you cannot spare the time now," said Plank. "Shall we call it off?"

"As a matter of fact, I am rather short of time just now."

"Then let us postpone it. I shall probably be at my office if you are anxious to see me."

Quarrier looked at him, then laid aside his hat and sat down. There was little to be done in diplomacy with an oaf like that.

"Mr. Plank," he said, without any emphasis at all, "there should be some way for us to come together. Have you considered it?"

"No, I haven't," replied Plank.

"I mean, for you and me to try to understand each other."

"For *us?*" asked Plank, raising his blond eyebrows. "Do you mean Amalgamated Electric and Inter-County, impersonally?"

"I mean for us, personally."

"There is no way," said Plank with conviction.

"I think there is——"

"You are wasting time thinking it, Mr. Quarrier."

Quarrier's velvet-fringed eyes began to narrow, but his calm voice remained unchanged: "We are merely wasting energy in this duel," he said.

"Oh, no; I don't feel wasted."

"We are also wasting opportunities," continued Quarrier slowly. "This whole matter is involving us in a tangle of litigation requiring our constant effort, constant attention."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Quarrier, but you take it too seriously. I have found, in this affair, nothing except a rather agreeable mental exhilaration."

"Mr. Plank, if you are not inclined to be serious about ——"

"I *am*," said Plank so savagely that Quarrier, startled, could not doubt him. "I like this sort of thing, Mr. Quarrier. Anything that is hard to overcome, I like to overcome. The pleasure in life, to me, is to win out. I am fighting you with the greatest possible satisfaction to myself."

"Perhaps you see victory ahead," said Quarrier calmly.

"I do, Mr. Quarrier, I do. But not in the manner you fear I may hope for it."

"Do you mind saying in *what* manner you are already discounting your victory, Mr. Plank?"

"No, I don't mind telling you. I have no batteries to mask. I don't care how much you know about my resources; so I'll tell you what I see, Mr. Quarrier. I see a parody of the popular battle between razorback and rattler. The rattler only strives to strike and kill, not to swallow. Mr. Quarrier, that old razorback isn't going home hungry; but—*he's going home.*"

"I'm afraid I am not familiar enough with the natural history you quote to follow you," said Quarrier with a sneer, his long fingers busy with the silky point of his beard.

"No, you won't *follow* me home; you'll come *with* me, when it's all over. Now is it very plain to you, Mr. Quarrier?"

Quarrier said, without emotion: "I repeat that it would be easy for you and me to merge our differences on a basis absolutely satisfactory to you and to me—and to Harrington."

"You are mistaken," said Plank rising. "Good-afternoon."

Quarrier rose, too. "You decline to discuss the matter?" he asked.

"It has been discussed sufficiently."

"Then why did you come here?"

"To see for myself how afraid of me you really are," said Plank. "Now I know, and so do you."

"You desire to make it a personal matter?" inquired Quarrier in a low voice, his face dead white in the late sunlight which illuminated the room.

"Personal? No—impersonal; because there could be absolutely nothing personal between us, Mr. Quarrier; and the only thing in the world that there ought to be between us are a few stout, steel bars. Beg pardon for talking shop. I'm a shopkeeper, and I'm in the steel business, and I lack opportunities for cultivation. Good-day."

"Mr. Plank——"

"Mr. Quarrier, I want to tell you something. Never before, in business differences, has private indignation against any individual interfered or modified my course of action. It does now; but it does not dictate my policy toward you; it merely, as I say, modifies it. I am perfectly aware of what I am doing; what social disaster I am inviting by this attitude toward you personally; what financial destruction I am courting in arousing the wrath of the Algonquin Trust Company and of the powerful interests intrenched behind Inter-County Electric. I know what the lobby is; I know what judge cannot be counted on; I know my peril and my chances, every one; and I take them—every one. For it is a good fight, Mr. Quarrier; it will be talked of for years to come, wonderingly; not because of your effrontery, not because of my obstinacy, but because such monstrous immorality could ever have existed in this land of ours. Your name, Harrington's, mine, will have become utterly forgotten long, long before the horror of these present conditions shall cease to be remembered."

He stretched out one ponderous arm, pointing full between Quarrier's unwinking eyes.

"Take your fighting chance—it is the cleanest thing you ever touched; and use it cleanly, or there'll be no mercy shown you when your time comes. Let the courts alone—do you hear me? Let the legislature alone. Keep your manicured hands off the ermine. And tell Harrington to shove his own cold, splay fingers into his own pockets for a change. They'll be warmer than his feet by this time next year."

For a moment he towered there, powerful, bulky, menacing; then his arm dropped heavily—the old stolid expression came back into his face, leaving it calm, bovine, almost stupid again. And he turned, moving slowly toward the door, holding his hat carefully in his gloved hand.

"Take Your Fighting Chance—It is the Cleanest Thing You Ever Touched"

Stepping out of the elevator on the ground floor he encountered Mortimer, and halted instinctively. He had not seen Mortimer for weeks—neither had Leila—and now he looked at the man inquiringly, disturbed at his battered and bloodshot appearance.

"Oh," said Mortimer, "you down here?"

"Have you been out of town?" asked Plank cautiously.

Mortimer nodded, and started to pass on toward the bronze cage of the elevator, but something seemed to occur to him suddenly; he checked his pace, turned and waddled after Plank, rejoining him on the marble steps of the rotunda.

"See here," he panted, holding Plank by the elbow and breathing heavily even after the short chase across the lobby, "I meant to tell you something. Come over here and sit down a moment."

Still grasping Plank's elbow in his puffy fingers, he directed him toward a velvet seat in a corner of the lobby; and here they sat down, while Mortimer mopped his fat neck with his handkerchief, swearing at the heat under his breath.

"Look here," he said; "I promised you something once, didn't I?"

"Did you?" said Plank, with his bland, expressionless stare of an overgrown baby.

"Oh, cut that out! You know I did; and when I say a thing I make good. D'ye see?"

"I don't see," said Plank, "what you are talking about."

"I'm talking about what I said I'd do for you. Haven't I made good? Haven't I put you into everything I said I would? Don't you go everywhere? Don't people ask you everywhere?"

"Yes—in a way," said Plank wearily. "I am very grateful. . . . Can I do anything for you, Leroy?"

Mortimer became indignant at the implied distrust of the purity of his motives; and Plank, failing to stem the maudlin tirade, relapsed into patient silence, speculating within himself as to what it could be that Mortimer wanted.

It came out presently. Mortimer had attended a "killing" at Desmond's, and, as usual, had provided the

(Continued on Page 21)

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Patching Up the Machine

NOTHING is blinder than capital. Foresight, which, we are taught, is a prime requisite for business success, seems to be the one quality that our great generals of industry do not possess—when it comes to diagnosticating the temper of the people. Every one knows that the Packers could have saved themselves millions if any one of them had had enough intelligence or prudence to heed the plain signs of the approaching thunderstorm. The cloud was above the horizon for at least five years. The railroads are beginning to realize that they should have prudently welcomed the President's move for rate-regulation. To have put themselves under the protection of the Government—to have retained the services of such a big brother in the approaching contests—would have been a master stroke of strategy—but one beyond the powers that be. Instead, they preferred to fight for their abuses, and the result is that they have angered the people and educated them.

The President is the best friend of these privileged industries, if they but had the sense to know it. All his moves since he assumed office have been in the direction of conservatism, of patching up the present machine of society, cleaning the wheels, regulating it so that it may run along on the old lines with less danger of a general smash. For the President is the most conspicuous Individualist this country has ever seen: any form of Socialism is repugnant to him. He sees, however, that the present system of industry is absolutely conditioned on the "square deal." The corporations are forcing him reluctantly into government interference, regulation, and ultimate government ownership. The corporations have grown up under the individualistic system; it has given them the free play they need—too free, many people are thinking. If they want the good old times to keep on they must consent to a little cleaning and patching of the machine, a little regulating of their privileges here and there, so that the great public that makes up society will be content with it as it is. But, instead, the corporate interests seem possessed with the idea that they can keep what they have got and grab more.

Two Hundred Million

THANKS to import duties in the unprecedented sum of three hundred million dollars, and internal revenue receipts of two hundred and fifty millions—or seventeen millions more than in the preceding twelve months—the Government ended the fiscal year with a surplus of twenty-six millions. So long as there is a surplus most people are content. It is rather suggestive, however, that in this year of perfect peace the Government's disbursements were only thirteen millions less than in the Spanish-American war year, and that they were a plump two hundred millions—or nearly sixty per cent.—greater than in the year ending June 30, 1897. A hundred and twenty-one millions of this is accounted for in increased expenditures for army and navy, which amounted to two hundred and four millions last year as against eighty-three millions nine years ago. The difference, in fact, is greater than this comparison shows, because certain army expenditures which, in the earlier year, were included under the head "War," are now put under the head "Public Works"; and last year's army and navy disbursements were somewhat smaller than in the year before. Of course, two hundred-odd millions for army and navy isn't so much when import duties and internal revenue are yielding five hundred and fifty millions per annum in a high tide of prosperity. Poor times affect Government receipts, however. The year McKinley was first elected internal revenue produced only a hundred and forty-seven millions, and the following year import duties only a hundred and fifty millions. If we whipped Spain so easily when we had been spending only eighty millions a year on army and navy, we should be able to take a fall out of Great Britain or Germany after spending upward of two hundred millions a year on those items. Perhaps this pious thought is worth the money.

Too Much Common-Sense

THE education that young men want to-day is the education that will fit them to do something in life—an industrial or a technical education. To meet this demand our agricultural and technical schools have been developed, and the influence of this practical education is already apparent in our successful competition in the markets of the world. Even the farmer has at last recognized the personal benefit to him of the money spent for the State experimental stations and the agricultural school, and such institutions are finding it easier to get appropriations from their Legislatures. Good farmers and good engineers, however, are not the simple product of any special education. They owe something to the common-school education that is the American idea of what is necessary for civilized society, and they also owe something (though they rarely admit it) to the universities, which cultivate and advance pure science. Our "practical" man is still fond of scoffing at the university as a kind of parlor institution where rich men's sons play football, wear fraternity pins, and discuss Ibsen and Sociology. The popular conception of college life is Mr. Ade's College Widow, where football and girls are the subjects of a four years' course. The silliness of all this does real harm to higher education.

The practical man fails to consider that the sciences which he uses for his business would make small advance if they were left solely to the technical schools. Investigation and experiment take time and money—and a different sort of enthusiasm than the practical man has—and so they must be the charge of universities, which are supported by accumulations of wealth, and can neglect "results." The universities are the best friends of the technical schools and of the common schools: they make the standards, and they furnish a good deal of the data, without which the practical man would be a mere charlatan. Education, like most things, is a unit.

The Penitentiary for Rebaters

FARMERS are the great bulwark against socialism. Hence disciples of Marx will take a hopeful view of all disclosures which show that the buying of grain has been, to an important extent, thrown into the hands of a combine that is founded upon discriminatory freight rates. No better method of converting farmers into advocates of government ownership of common carriers could be desired. People who do not care to see socialistic ranks recruited from the agricultural class will not view the disclosures so cheerfully.

It is rather disturbing to notice that whenever a probe has been inserted in railroad practices of late, rebates or their equivalents have been exposed—notwithstanding many solemn assurances to the contrary. We think the public now fully realizes that rebates—or fake commissions, collusive underbilling, or whatever form the favor to the big shipper may take—are robbery. For a while the carriers may have found in public apathy a certain excuse for the system. They have no such excuse now. In law and morals and public opinion the railroad president who sanctions discriminations is no better than a thief. The old plea about having to give rebates or lose traffic will not answer. Burglary, highway robbery and other crimes can also plead that they are profitable.

Senator Dolliver said the other day that with railroad accounts open to inspection under the new law discriminations must cease unless the roads chose to descend to the level of common felons and resort to forgery and perjury. This states the case clearly. What lies before railroad managers is a simple, squarely-defined opportunity to elect whether or not they will be felons. We trust they will make the proper election without having to receive a shocking object-lesson in the form of a goodly contingent of traffic officials immured in penal institutions. Unless we are much mistaken as to the public temper, perseverance in rate discriminations, under whatever guise, will be cured in the penitentiary if it cannot be corrected short of that.

Hydromania

WALL STREET has discovered a flourishing concern hitherto overlooked—and is "floating" it with a capitalization of forty million dollars. Last year the house advertised capital and surplus of five millions. However, the promoters' circular assures us that there are now ten millions of actual assets, leaving only thirty millions of water which a thirsty public may purchase in any quantity from a hogshead—or fifty shares—up. The promoters are not very keen, either—or else they mistrust that the public's absorbent capacity is not as great as it used to be—for they declare this year's estimated profits would support an even larger capitalization. We welcome this "flotation." For some weeks the Street had seemed dull. Its great stock-watering industry had languished. We were afraid East River had gone dry. What a dismal change was that from the brisk days when anybody who could estimate a profit anywhere immediately capitalized it and listed the shares; when the diligent traction magnates seemed to keep spotters on the street and, if they learned that more than ten people were boarding a car at one time, instantly issued a dollar of new securities against each extra nickel that the conductor would turn in! We feared that the high financiers had lost their grip, or that the public had grown uninterestingly cautious. This new promotion—although a modest one in its way—gives us renewed hope. It suggests a recurrence to the dear, fundamental facts that the globe is three-fifths water and its inhabitants at least one-third suckers.

Speed Mania

IT IS a great mistake to call speed mania an affliction peculiar to persons who live high and own automobiles. Great numbers have it who live as low as any rational system of morals could require. Any pleasant midsummer evening in a big city will discover throngs of men and women, quite untouched by luxury, yet eagerly yielding to the identical motive which makes the automobile news in the daily paper so largely of a mortuary character. They swarm in places of alleged amusement where a prime attraction is riding down an inclined plane that is constructed with admirable skill so as to jolt the nervous system as severely as possible. For a quarter the poor can and do get exactly the same hysterical exhilaration that the rich pay many thousands and hire a peculative chauffeur for.

It is a kind of drunk. Like other kinds, city life promotes the appetite for it. It goes along with flats and crowds, verdureless vistas of masonry, strikes, silk hats, barrel-houses and other urban phenomena which lead so many one-sided observers to think that the nation is speeding to destruction. Such observers see only half. There remains the spacious country, where the deacon's three-minute nag is still the symbol of dizziest locomotion, and the acutest phase of the labor problem is whether the hired man shall have the family buggy two evenings in the week. An innate and unregenerate tendency to speed madness may appear here in the morning of life—as in sliding down the cellar door, when the ecstatic thrill of the descent is precisely due to the consciousness that there may, after all, be a sliver, just as the adult speed maniac's exhilaration arises from a knowledge that he is, after all, taking a chance of breaking his neck. But the country generally subdues it in one who remains amid the placid fields and trees that are in no hurry. A great part of the current observations upon our national life and tendencies are wrong because they are based exclusively upon city conditions.

The Educational Stepladder

AMERICAN universities are conservative institutions. The Hearst papers keep saying so, and many good people believe it. The universities are supposed to sympathize with the well-to-do classes, to believe in the sacredness of property, and the divine right of great wealth. The Russian and the German universities are hotbeds of revolt against the existing order of things in society. The other continental universities are the homes of liberalism, of advanced thought on social topics, of new ideas. Why are American universities so unlike their European sisters in this respect? They have very little influence upon the political life of the country, and nobody ever heard of a reform starting in an American college.

This state of affairs is not because our universities live off the surplus acquisitions of the rich, but rather because university education in America has appealed hitherto only to the rich, or the much larger class of ambitious would-be rich. Since the days of Benjamin Franklin, education is the approved American way of going up higher in life. European universities (where the fees are merely nominal and restraints are slight) are attended by thousands of clever students, who have no prosperous future, no real hope of bettering themselves, of gaining anything but some poorly paid, petty position. Education tends to make such men bitter and discontented: they turn into critics of society—Anarchists in Russia, Socialists in Germany.

Aside from the small class of rich that doesn't yet count, American parents send their children to a university to give them better opportunities for the life-struggle than the parents themselves had. Hence American students are hearty believers in the present order of things. Their teachers are recruited almost entirely from the same class of poor and ambitious young men who see in education a chance to improve their condition, socially and materially. Such men are naturally conservative and lean by instinct on the side of the rich and prosperous. Social discontent will not make much headway in American universities.

Building Up a Retail Business

BY HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

ONLY the man who is a natural trader has any call to go into the business of merchandizing. This statement may seem absurdly self-apparent; but it is more than warranted by actual conditions. Thousands of men go into the business of storekeeping who have not the slightest natural capacity for it, and who should have been able to convince themselves of their disabilities in this direction without paying for the knowledge in the dear coin of experience.

The ability to play the game of barter and sale is no mysterious talent. On the other hand, it is bound to come to the surface, no matter what calling the possessor of it may be following at the moment. If he is a farmer, he will find himself selling his produce to a little better advantage than his neighbors and he will acquire the reputation among his fellows of being a "close trader." If he swaps a horse or a cow, he gets a little the better of the bargain—not once, by accident, but as a general rule. A man of this kind is a natural merchant; he has the gift of trade, which I hold to be just as distinct a gift as the talent of the artist, the musician or the author. And right at the start let the young man who has the idea that he can become a merchant face the fact that if he has not this gift of trade by nature he cannot acquire it by seeking or striving; it is one of the things that cannot be put into a man. He must be born to a life of barter, else he stands but little chance of succeeding in it. I say little chance, for the reason that sometimes the circumstances surrounding a merchandizing business may be so phenomenally favorable to it that the storekeeper will succeed in spite of his inherent incapacity. But these accidents are so infrequent that they do not justify any man in attempting merchandizing who feels that he lacks the "knack of trade" to any degree.

In view of all this, the first thing any man should do, who feels an inclination to go into storekeeping, is to satisfy himself whether he has the trading instinct. But how may he do this, you ask, if he has never tried his hand at it? This is not nearly so difficult as it might seem, provided he will be absolutely honest with himself—and if he is unwilling to do this he is poorly equipped for success in any field.

First he should sit down with himself and make a careful analysis of every business transaction of his own which he can recall. These may be few and they may be small, but they are certainly significant so far as the purposes of his decision are concerned. Let him ask himself with regard to each transaction: "Did I find myself bettered by the bargain? Did I show myself a trader, or did the honors of the deal go to the other side? Did I show a fair capacity in realizing the most out of the trade?" After each transaction has been considered let the investigator strike a balance and see how his trading experience has panned out in the long run. This will give him a start toward answering the main question in hand—but only a start. It is but common human nature for us to look with leniency upon our own acts. Therefore our judgment of what we have done is liable to be warped and mistaken.

The next step for the prospective merchant to take is to find out, in some way, whether or not his neighbors regard him as a "good trader." Generally every man has some friend who can be trusted to tell him the truth, even about himself. Let him go to such a friend and not only get his opinion but also the opinions of others whose views this friend may learn by skillful and indirect inquiry. The results of this investigation combined with those of his own analysis and self-examination should give him at least a fair idea of his talents for trade.

There is, however, still another important question, so far as his natural capacities for merchandizing are concerned, which he must settle beyond a doubt before he is justified in feeling himself equipped for this calling. He must ask himself: "Have I the natural gift of economy?" Unless a man is instinctively saving, he will find himself at a sad disadvantage as a storekeeper. Stopping the little leaks of waste is one of the most essential elements in the success of a merchant. He may be a sharp trader and still fail as a storekeeper because of an inability to see small leaks and stop them.

Retail merchandizing is essentially a business of small things. This is just as true of the great metropolitan store which sells millions of dollars' worth of goods a year as of the little general store at a country crossroads. In either case the individual items which make up the total of sales are small and in most cases the margins of profit are also small. Consequently only a little margin of waste in the handling of these goods is necessary in order completely to dissipate that small margin of profit. A little leak here and there is enough to let all the profits ooze out of the cash-drawer and leave the merchant with only his labor for his pains—if not with a burden of debt and failure.

There is scarcely a community in which the really able merchant is not cursed with ignorant and reckless competition. "Cutting prices" is the favorite diversion of the merchant who ought, by good rights and natural endowments, to have been a farmer, a blacksmith, a carpenter or an artisan of some sort. About the only way by which the man of sound merchandizing capacity can meet this kind of competition is by superior economy in the conduct of his business. If he can save where his competitor wastes, he may be able to offset ignorant and ill-considered competition and still come out ahead in the race.

And here, perhaps, is the best place to ask why there is so much reckless competition in the fields of retail merchandizing—so high a percentage of failures. Because the ranks of the storekeeper are mainly recruited from men in other callings who think success in merchandizing is so easy that they can drop into it from the top by buying a business first and learning it afterward.

This reverses an order of Nature—and it takes a genius to turn the natural order of things about and do so successfully. Few men have a natural merchandizing genius big enough to win out as owners of a business about which they know little or nothing in the way of actual experience. Some men, it is true, have the financial and the trading gift to so great a degree that their mastery of the details peculiar to any particular business seems to be intuitive, but these men are so rare that their success need not be taken into consideration so far as the chances of the ordinary run of mortals are concerned. In the eyes of many, if not most, of his customers the country storekeeper is a kind of community king. The hardworking farmer is especially prone to take this view and look with envy upon the lot of the village merchant. He is inclined to the notion that the work of running a country store is mere recreation compared with farm labor, and that its demands are just about enough to keep him out of mischief and help pass the time pleasantly. Generally this view of retail storekeeping also includes the idea that the merchant is able to live out of stock without materially depleting it, and that $500 is ample capital on which to start a country store. "Buying and tying and counting the money" is a fair summary of the farmer's notion of conducting a village store, and because it looks so simple to him he is easily tempted to retire from the farm, become a storekeeper right at the start—and learn the business of merchandizing later.

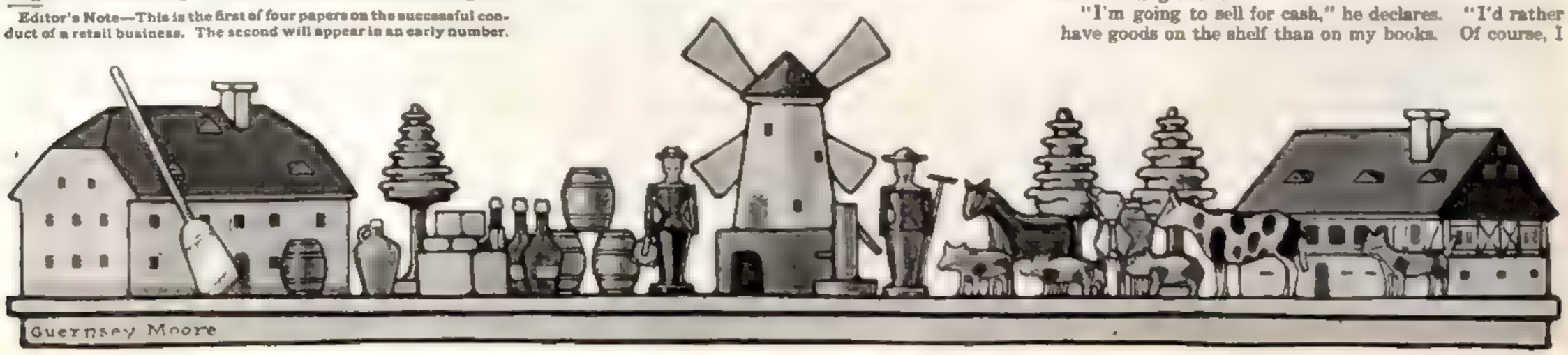
In this connection it should be noted that the clerk of the retiring storekeeper is not generally his successor, although it would seem quite natural that he should acquire the business.

The fact is that the clerk is usually too familiar with the drawbacks of the business to be ambitious to buy it—especially if the owner is anxious to sell. The more intelligent and able the clerk, the better will be his knowledge of the weak spots of the business and the less likely will he be to deceive himself with ill-founded hopes; the retiring farmer is the more easily persuaded that there is sure and easy money in running a country store, and that the poor business ideas of the retiring merchant are accountable for his failure to make a comfortable little fortune out of it.

With scarcely an exception, the man from the farm who decides to turn storekeeper believes that he is going to succeed where the outgoing merchant failed because of his superior ideas about the matter of credits and of store finances in general.

"I'm going to sell for cash," he declares. "I'd rather have goods on the shelf than on my books. Of course, I

Editor's Note—This is the first of four papers on the successful conduct of a retail business. The second will appear in an early number.



shall probably have to trust a few—those I know to be perfectly good—but my business is going to be run on a cash basis."

This stock phrase is used by fully ninety per cent. of the men who retire from the farm to recruit the ranks of country merchants. It sounds well, but its application is a delusion and a snare. Its qualifying clause is the thing which kills it; the extension of credit to "just a few who are perfectly good" is the element which, in actual practice, brings confusion and defeat in hundreds and thousands of cases.

The most successful merchants, the country over, are those who meet competition by giving their customers better instead of cheaper goods. This should be a settled principle in buying stock. The moment the storekeeper becomes possessed of the idea that cheapness in prices is the main consideration in merchandizing, he will start upon the accumulation of a stock which will sooner or later sacrifice his standing with the most desirable trade of his community. If he does not himself thoroughly understand the quality of the goods he must buy, his first concern should be to get some person in his store who is thoroughly informed in that particular.

Don't be a "Snap Hunter"

One of the easily besetting temptations which assail the country merchant in the buying of goods is the delusion that he can profit himself by becoming what is known in the trade as a "snap hunter." He proceeds upon the notion that every commercial traveler has his special bargain, and that the secret of shrewd buying is to get from each drummer his own particular "snap." He is a wise merchant who makes up his mind at the outset that it is far more profitable to hunt customers than to hunt "snaps." Those who are most given to the theory and practice of "snap hunting" are those who will justify themselves by quoting the old saying that "goods well bought are half sold." While there is, of course, a grain of truth in this saying, it is equally true that in most cases the commonsense of the observation is distorted and misapplied. Generally the maxim is used to bolster up the idea that time and energy spent in beating down the traveling salesman and "getting the best of him," and consequently of local competitors, is time well spent. The first essential of successful buying is the sound knowledge of goods and of values. Careless buying is inexcusable, but time spent in petty trafficking is generally unprofitable, and the good merchant will not descend to this.

Another mistake frequently made by the merchant who is not uncommonly broad in his mental grasp of things is the notion that he is acting shrewdly to split his business up between two or more jobbers in order to get them to *bid against each other*. This is known in the wholesale trade as "going out jobbing," and the inevitable result of this practice is to make the buyer's trade undesirable to any of the firms with which he attempts to do business. While it is possible that this kind of a trick may be worked by a country merchant to his temporary advantage, he gives the city jobber too little credit for shrewdness and intelligence when he thinks that this game can be played indefinitely with success. Splitting up his trade among several jobbers can have but one result for the country merchant: all of the jobbers will soon realize that he is a bird of passage and that they must get what they can out of him in short order. They will find his weakness as a buyer and will make him pay for his instability and shiftiness.

As a matter of fact, however, the very best jobbing houses will discourage the business of a buyer of this sort, and will have as little to do with him as possible. They will be quick to realize that his business is not worth while, and that he will never become a steady and valuable customer.

It is always worth while for the country merchant to *make his business an object to a good jobber*. This not only results in giving the country storekeeper the support of a good line of credit, but it also insures him the *permanent* and *active interest* of the jobber in his welfare and progress. There are a hundred ways in which the man in the jobbing house can favor and assist the country merchant, and he is bound to do this if the storekeeper is a steady and valued customer. In short, there is only one rule for the country storekeeper to observe in his buying, and that is to make his business an object to the jobber I know of a wholesale grocer who waited ten years to get the business of a certain country merchant who refused to place an order for oil at two cents under the market price. That storekeeper made more money than his three competitors combined, and he made it by standing by his jobber as long as that jobber treated him right.

The storekeeper who attempts to buy his goods by submitting lists to various jobbing houses and having them all bid upon the same goods does not realize that there are tricks in the jobbing trade as well as in the retail merchandizing business; and that some shifty wholesaler will undoubtedly send in a bid which will look to be very much lower than the total of the bid submitted by the more established and high-class jobber. Naturally the low bid is the one accepted, and the country storekeeper feels that he has done a very cunning piece of trading until he actually receives the goods. Then he discovers that certain of the articles purchased are of inferior grade or quality to those demanded in his specifications; he indignantly rejects these goods and returns them, demanding that the "mistake" shall be corrected. This is cheerfully done, and no doubt with profuse apologies, but the country buyer is left to realize, if he is shrewd enough to do so, that this little ruse has been the means, on the part of the shifty jobber, of selling the bill of goods.

A common practice among country merchants who do not feel entire confidence in their own judgment of goods and values is to take with them to the city some friend who they feel is better posted than themselves. In most cases of this kind the friend in point is an ex-storekeeper, and he, of course, has his particular friends in the jobbing house to which he takes the merchant. This practice is so common that the man who is in the hands of a "pilot" is instantly identified and the "friend" is at once made aware of the fact that his services will be substantially appreciated in one way or another. Besides, this practice of putting one's self in the hands of a friend is a confession of weakness and inexperience, and is so regarded by the men at the jobbing houses.

The wisest course is for the country merchant to select a good, responsible jobbing house, which does business in the manner in which he has confidence, and to say to the management: "I'm going to give you a chance at my trade, and if you take care of me right, and stand by me, I will stand by you." This at once puts him on a proper footing, and if the jobbing house is a reputable one the arrangement will certainly prove to his advantage in the long run.

Avoid Long Datings

Buying ahead on long datings and overloading is a very common mistake among country merchants, and a practice which invariably leads to loss and disadvantage. The storekeeper should not delude himself with the idea that he is going to gain anything by this subterfuge—for the system of long datings can scarcely be described by a milder term. He may be sure that he is not going to get any great concession from the jobbing house in the matter of delivery in the future without paying for it somewhere along the line. His greatest advantage with the management of the jobbing house will be to establish the understanding that he is a conservative buyer, always willing to pay a fair price for goods, and that he is doing business upon a safe, sane and sound basis. This will do more for him than any amount of shrewd "dickering." Inevitably the jobber will form the conclusion that the man who does his business with the jobbing house upon this basis will apply the same principles in dealing with his own customers.

It is well for the country merchant to recognize the fact that while the traveling salesman may be, and doubtless is, a valued adviser, he has his limitations, so far as *his authority in the house is concerned*. There are many favors which it is easy for a traveling man to promise, but difficult and impossible for him to deliver.

The Quest of the Colonial

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

BUYING APPARENT WRECKS

A FRIEND, who also loves the old shapes, likes to say: "I will get my furniture in modern reproductions. What pleasure is there in buying junk?"

Well, there certainly would be but little pleasure in buying old furniture if it were to remain as junk. Apparent junk must be viewed with the eyes of common-sense and faith. If a piece is too badly broken to be satisfactorily repaired it ought not to be acquired. Of this class was a great four-poster we once saw, that had possessed splendidly carved posts and pineapple ornamentation, but which, to make it fit into a low-eaved corner, had been ruthlessly sawed off at the tops of all four posts to a ruinous shortness; and then the sawed-off pieces had been burned. That bed was not worth accepting even had it been offered as a gift. But many a broken or hard-used article of furniture can be restored to its pristine strength, and, so far as appearance goes, may almost fit the lilting old rhyme about being given a polish of so brilliant a hue as to make it look newer than when it was new.

And so, it is one answer to our friend that no piece should be gathered except those which are susceptible to treatment (in our own case he recognizes, albeit with grumblings, that there may be something in this view of the case), and it is still another answer that by far the greater part of modern reproductions miss the precisely perfect proportions. This, which seems absurdly unnecessary, is just as absurdly true. It is with copyists of old furniture as it is with copyists of old buildings: the infinite personal care of the past is likely to be lacking in these modern days, and to copy accurately is an art hard to acquire even with the aid of measurements. At the same time the copyist feels an almost irresistible tendency to "improve" upon the original with little changes or adaptations here and there. Moreover, all the fascination of the veritable touch of the past, the tender or stately charm of association, is lost in the modern copies of the old.

Not only may it be expressed, as a general rule, that nothing of the broken should be purchased which is not capable of good and adequate repair, but conversely it may be stated that nothing which is wanted and which is capable of repair should be passed by on account of its wrecked appearance. But the art of knowing what is reasonably capable of repair is a difficult one to master.

Naturally and unavoidably, the beginner will make some mistakes. It is only by experience, and a gradually acquired knowledge of what it is possible for him to do or to have done, that he can gain the ability to decide. And what is possible for one man may not be possible for another. It is well for a collector to find one of those old-fashioned craftsmen, usually French or German, who make a specialty of doing curious and clever handiwork.

But do not permit yourself the accumulation of broken glass or china. That is something which will surely be regretted, for broken china gives an effect of dilapidation to an entire house that all else in the way of strength and solidity cannot offset. It is seldom that broken china or glass, except for the very simple breaks, can be so repaired as to be satisfactory in both strength and appearance; and if it cannot be thus repaired—if it be a pitcher with a handle gone, or a sugar bowl with a great chip in its side, or a platter with a section missing—do not listen to the voice of the inward tempter, telling what a rare design it is or of what a beautiful color.

Except for a museum, all furniture and china should be capable of handling and use. There is little pleasure, and much inevitable dissatisfaction, in the possession of china that must not be touched or chairs that must not be sat upon, in tables precariously patched or glass bowls perilously pieced.

With furniture, much can be done. In our own experience, in the earlier days, we allowed a number of valuable articles to escape us because we did not then have the

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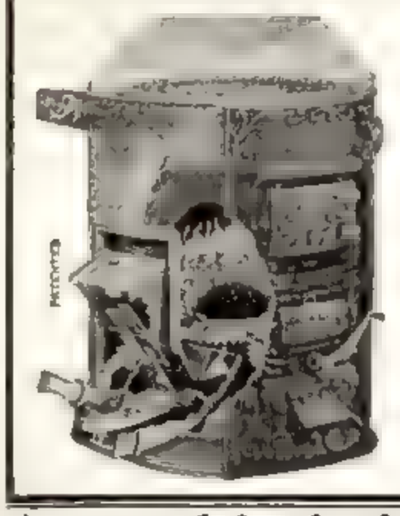

X-Ray view showing galvanized casing, and "cut-out" illustrating how fresh coal is forced up through the grate, with fire and flame on top of coal.

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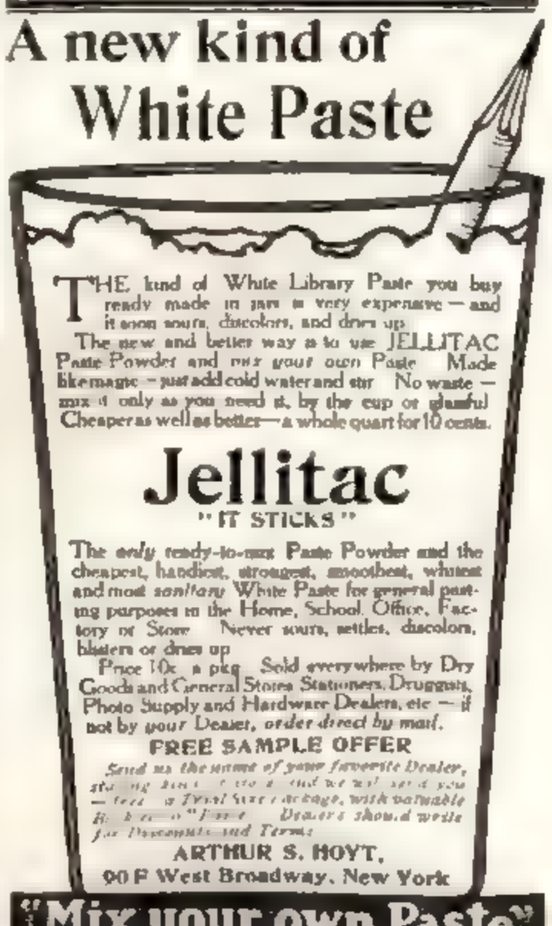

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necessary knowledge and experience. But when one reflects that many of the most sincere dealers, who really love the goods they handle, sell old furniture just as they find it, whether broken or whole, one begins to realize that there must be high potentialities of mending.

In our own experience, no piece that we ever restored was so broken, so utterly a wreck, as a mighty fireside chair that we picked up on one of our Southern visits. It is so tall as to hide with its magisterial back the tallest man who seeks its comfort; it is portly of width (it is three feet and ten inches across the arms) and of stately, rounding curves. In age it is well over a century.

When discovered, in a shed, the chickens had been roosting upon it, which was far from adding a distinguished air, and there was no trace whatever of the seat. That had completely vanished. The leather covering was hanging, here and there on the sides and back, in strips and fragments. The chair had suffered the penalties of popularity. Little was left, indeed, but the outline shape and the framework, but the framework was mighty and the shape was fine. Even the frame, although intrinsically strong, had become racked and loosened.

But the chair was full of possibilities, and was purchased. Wrapped in burlaps, it was shipped up by water and rail. This was for two reasons. For once, enthusiastic collectors though we are, we fear we were not proud of having quite such a forlorn wreck, quite such a thing of rags and tatters, carried into our home, past the eyes of our friends. But better reason than this regard for appearances was our desire not to let the freight handlers know how bad it looked. It was sure of vastly more careful handling, wrapped carefully, than as an apparent jumble of fragments. And we knew that until it should be repaired it could not stand much more of hard usage. The chair cost four dollars, but that included wrapping in new burlaps and the cartage.

The pads on the sides and back were fortunately still in place; they were of good curled horsehair; and as their proportions would bear mightily on the comfort of the rehabilitated chair, they were taken off carefully and kept separate, so as to resume their places unaltered in quantity, and each pad was thoroughly cleansed by a soaking in gasoline.

Where All the Tacks Go

The next task was to take out all the tacks and nails. And although the time-worn query of where all the pins go to is still unanswered, we felt that we had found a complete reply to the question of where all the tacks go. For it seemed as if their number in that chair was legion. Every one was taken out, thoroughly to clean the chair, and to make sure that old nails should not interfere with the new ones.

Then the great frame was thoroughly blocked, for the old blocks had fallen away and permitted the frame to waver. Square new blocks were placed where the solid mahogany legs join the frame of the seat, and firmness was restored.

The chair stood, now, a bare wooden frame, and the next task was to scrape and polish it, an easy task, because all the wood that was to show were the four short legs and the strong cross-braces—strong enough these to illustrate the old rule in regard to chairs, that the heavier the underbracing the older the chair.

A new seat was next provided. Originally, the chair had no springs, but there was no reason why they should not be used, and so a number of upholsterer's springs were set in place, with webbing and hair. The pads were then replaced on the back and the sides, and stout muslin was stretched over all.

The chair, which had thus gradually grown and developed, was no longer just a form, but a form clothed in white, and showing by this means all of its proper lines.

Next came the final upholstering. We needed it to be in yellow, and so it was covered with a yellow linen taffeta, fastened with brass nails all around the edges—a total of precisely 379 brass heads in sight! Yet they are scarcely noticeable, so long are the curving lines they follow and so merged are they in the yellow covering of this most comfortable old Heppelwhite fireside chair.

And now the chair stood once more perfect: once more it was what its builder had intended it to be, a thing of beauty and promising to be a source of comfortable joy forever. And it may be added that a point to consider, in choosing such a broad-backed chair, with arms, is to see that the line of the arm continues, with a slight projection, to the back of the chair, thus giving a comfortable elbow support throughout the whole width of either side. Numbers of these old chairs were made with the line of the arm merged wholly into the sheltering sides, and they thereby lack in comfort.

No one can understand the handicraftsmanship of the old days till he has stripped a fine old chair to its skeleton. Many a little structural secret will be discovered which would never have been guessed had the chair merely been sent to an upholsterer, without examination. For example, with this great fireside chair it is really marvelous that, without weakening the structure a particle, there should be long narrow spaces, almost the length of the back and the sides, left in the framework for the purpose of allowing the covering to be drawn through and cinched. No upholsterer's needle was necessary on this chair, and every line of its shape is clean-cut and clear.

Early in your collecting, search out some man who is a deft repairer of furniture, a man who has come to some inheritance of the ways of the olden time; and then fasten to him with hooks of steel. The man who will "putter" patiently over a broken fragment, who will handle it intelligently, is a prize.

The German Jewel

Good fortune gave us the acquaintance of an old German from Mainz who had a little shop in that picturesquely rambling part of New York still known as Greenwich Village, and at that queer corner where Waverly Place bifurcates. He died a year or so ago; he and his wife, who was his companion in a strangely solitary existence in the heart of the great city, were taken away by a call which came with little warning and simultaneously to both of them. But while he lived he was the perfection of a furniture repairer. He possessed in rare degree a knowledge of the furniture craftsmanship of the Old World. He could polish to perfection, too—but he was old, and his arm easily grew weary, and so, although now and then polishing a piece for us, he taught us the valuable art by careful precept and example, so that if we wished we could do it ourselves on any of our own furniture.

One can usually find such a man in any of the great cities. Generally, too, such a man's prices are inversely as to his skill. This old German carved for us, in mahogany, a piece of ornamentation several inches long, to replace a lost fragment and match a piece on the opposite side of the table; the copy was exact, the hard carving was fine, and the charge was only half a dollar!

An especially difficult little job was the straightening of the warp in one half of the top of a swing-and-turn fine mahogany card-table; one of those tops that turn on a pivot and fold up into half space. The table had drifted into a kitchen before we acquired it, and had been used for ironing and pressing clothes, and one of the halves was exceedingly warped.

The man of Mainz tried, first, the usual panacea of removing the offending board, scraping off the varnish, wetting the board upon the reverse side, and then letting it stand in the sun. But this simple-seeming remedy for once would not answer, efficacious though it generally is. Then he studied it long and carefully. "I cut it into strips!" he cried exultantly. Whereupon he cut it into six pieces and, reversing them alternately as he laid them down, and using the plane a little, he triumphed completely. There was about a quarter of an inch lost in sawdust, and for this width he put in a strip of mahogany from one of his many boards; and the job was done. And so beautifully glued and polished were the pieces that it is almost impossible to discover the joinings, even by close examination.

But there was one time when even the old German could not help us, once when we learned that everything is not so easy as it seems. We had found two old Sheraton tea-boards (one thinks of Franklin's letter home to his wife, telling her of the English way of using tea-board and tea-cups). The tea-boards were of rare design, delicately inlaid in the centre and brass-handled on the ends. But the encircling upright edges of thin wood, an inch in height, had left their sockets and sprung out of place, and unless this could be remedied the tea-boards would be hopeless wrecks.

But they seemed particularly easy to repair; it was almost the kind of thing we could have done ourselves, so we rashly thought, even though we had then had but little experience in repairing. But, alas! it was not an easy thing at all. The old German solemnly shook his head. It irked him to say that there was something he could not do. But the boards must, he said, go to some one who had a steaming room and could steam the rims into shape. No glue could possibly make the strips, as they were, stick in their precarious grooves. "If they were but square-cornered!" and he shrugged his shoulders in despair.

Finally the man with a steaming outfit was found, a French cabinet-maker and repairer so far over on the East Side as to be beyond the numbered avenues and on a lettered one. He was an expert worker and at the same time an enthusiast. He did the needful steaming, and he found it necessary, too, to make a mould the exact size of the rail-edges, as he had to make a new section of rail. All of which was an object-lesson as to the difficulty of doing some repairs. Of course, in this case the game was worth the candle; and, being human, it soothed us for our worry and trouble that, after paying the skillful Frenchman's most reasonable charge, he courteously asked permission to copy the boards, so highly did he admire them.

A comparatively simple case of repair, though at first it had much the appearance of being hopeless, was in regard to a fine mahogany table with claw-and-ball feet, dating back into the eighteenth century. Such a wreck it was, that the man who unearthed it charged only a dollar for it and then believed that he was taking an unfair advantage! "Don't buy it," he said; "you can't possibly get it repaired, and I don't like to sell such a thing."

And he would have been right had it been our intention to have it restored as it originally was. That would have been impossible, or at least so difficult as to cost an unreasonable sum. It was a table, two legs of which turned on wooden hinges, most unexpectedly, to support queer wings.

Desperate Remedies

It was a pity to reduce its dimensions, but it was best to restore as much as possible, and without reduction nothing at all could be done. Heroic treatment was imperatively called for.

The top was so mangled as to be worthless. But a wing, hanging precariously by a broken hinge, was made into the top by the man of Mainz. Then, retaining the fine original four legs and all of the frame, and having it all polished, the table became a beauty, and its surface was still considerable, being three feet nine by one foot eleven. Upon the sides it was unavoidable, in the rejuvenation, that the original wooden hinge should show; but this blemish was readily overcome by spreading on this side a covering of veneer.

The restoration of a fine Heppelwhite piece, which had been the lower half of a highboy, or perhaps of a cabinet desk, is another illustration of the miracles that can be done. The upper part having vanished into limbo, there was only an open space where the top ought to stand, and the veneer and inlay had all sprung from the drawer fronts and from the face of the framework, and was hanging loose in dejected sheets. The satisfactoriness of the design, and the beauty of the wood itself and of the inlay that was still upon the tapering legs, made it seem worth while to take some trouble.

And it was not so desperate a matter, after all. The veneer was entirely removed and all the glue cleaned off. Then the veneer was carefully relaid—and with that simple task the thing was done, except for the top; and for that, a new top was cut from a fine piece of mahogany. The very simplicity of many such a task in the hands of an intelligent and skillful cabinet-worker is often a surprise even to those who have had experience in restorations.

We had a chair of Chippendale design so filled with worm-holes that it seemed an impossibility to restore it; and the bottom ends of three of the legs were so worm-eaten as to be positively feathery. There were special reasons why we wished to preserve this chair. Nor was the task a specially difficult one, in spite of the appearances.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM
40

First, corrosive sublimate was painted over all the holes. This was colorless, and effectually disposed of any life that might exist in the depths. Next a cement of beeswax and resin was applied, to fill the holes, and it was mixed with enough of dry vermilion to give the needful color.

A simple way to apply such a cement is to run it in with a chisel heated in a candle flame, using a worn-out chisel, as its temper may be ruined by the heat. Lay the cement on the hole and draw the heated chisel over it. Then, with a sharp knife, scrape off all that is superfluous.

The chair was now ready for the German cabinet-maker. He cut the feathery bottoms from the three offending legs, taking from an inch and a half to three inches from each, and then, with the care that goes only with workers of his class, he modeled three new pieces to match. And it is not an easy thing to do, with an old-time, hand-made chair whose legs run down in different and heedful proportions.

With small things, wonders can often be worked. There was a Sheffield plate candlestick, ten and a quarter inches high, of absolutely perfect shape, but broken into two pieces and lopsidedly fastened with a rat-tail file pushed up through the middle where the cement filling had fallen out. It was a wobbling, broken wreck; it was excessively dirty; and it seems preposterously impossible to say that all the owner wanted for it was ten cents; one cent an inch and the final quarter-inch thrown in.

The ten cents was at once forthcoming, and the seller was pleased. It was so far from being a case of belittling on the part of the purchaser, of "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth," that it was the seller who belittled it and who was ready to boast of having got anything at all for so worthless a thing.

We took it to a silversmith, for it was a case for delicate work. Beautifully mended and polished, it would now command a considerable price at any antique shop.

More doubtful was an impulse which led us to secure, one day, a silver-plated soup tureen, corpulent in shape and long in the legs. For a soup tureen it had a lofty, not to say spindly, aspect, and although it might have had pretensions as a silver-plated article, almost the last of the plating had disappeared. There was, however, much of the graceful about the article if it could but find its proper niche in the world.

One day, at Tiffany's—he of the favrile glass—we saw a workman securing a beautiful green color by brushing acid over bronze—that shade of green which gives a metal the aspect of the pieces dug up at Herculaneum. Here was the hint—and acid was experimented with upon the tureen. But it was not of the same metal as that upon which the workman had been operating, and acid only turned it black. But it was an idea not to be relinquished, and there was further experiment, and finally a green paint, diluted to attenuated thinness, was stroked over the silver-denuded tureen, making it the color of beautiful green bronze. The village blacksmith was next seen and he cut a hole through the cover of the tureen. Then, through the lid, a fat lamp bowl was set, the hole where the soup-ladle handle used to go through giving a space in which to get at the filling-hole of the lamp. A green shade of proper hue was easy to find, and we had a unique and most pleasing lamp!

So strangely are some things acquired and with such sequence of good fortune, that one is over and over again tempted to believe that nothing is impossible. Now, here are two actual happenings. And they are told as encouragement to those who seek in hopes of finding.

A mirror came to us as a gift; a good mirror, in a narrow mahogany frame, the measurements being eighteen inches by fourteen. It had been a dressing-table mirror and had swung between two slender uprights above some little drawers, to which they were attached. It was a good mirror even by itself, but we naturally regretted the absence of the drawers and the uprights, which had been lost or destroyed.

Then, at an auction sale, not long afterward, what should be put up but a set of little drawers, for the top of a dressing-table, surmounted by slender pillars between which a mirror was intended to swing. The wood was of mahogany, with profusion of fine inlay. But there was no mirror! And on that account there was no competition in bidding.

When we say, literally, that without changing the mirror frame or the uprights, that mirror which had come to us from one source precisely fitted the frame and uprights picked up at an auction, surely nothing could be much more curious.

Once upon a time we became the possessors of a brass fire-shovel with an exceptionally fine handle, but with the shovel portion so worn out as to be both useless and unattractive. A year afterward, for twenty-five cents, we secured a brass shovel of fine openwork pattern, which had no handle! And it precisely matched our handle! A worker in metals put the two acquisitions together, and the result is an unusually long-handled fire-shovel, of fine design and workmanship, all of brass, which takes a splendid polish, and with the parts so well matched that no one could ever guess, what is really the case, that the two pieces came together from places six hundred miles apart.

Editor's Note This is the eighth in a series of papers of instruction and advice by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experience in the quest of old-time furniture.

A SEVEN-DOLLAR BILL

(Concluded from Page 7)

chatted about the weather and such things for the balance of his brief call.

When he left, Miss Abigail Edwards went straight up to her room and cried. Mr. Dudley Hargrave went out on the street and said impulsive, unrestrained things under his breath. Miss Edwards was just finishing up with her cry when Aunt Tillie came in to take down her hair.

Aunt Tillie was exactly the shade of walnut stain, and her functions were not only those of maid and guardian, but of confidential adviser, censor and firm foster-parent. To-night, her quick intuition, strengthened by many years of affection, taught her that about all five functions were urgently in need.

"Looka heah, honey," she began, turning Miss Abigail's tear-stained face around to her with firm hands; "whad yo'-all been doin'? Now, yo' doan' need say ary word: Ah knows whad de matteh. Yo' been quawlin' wid Misto' Hahgrave. I know, 'case I done seen him stamp out dat doo' madder'n a hohnet. Yo' done put some kine o' bug in his eah an' sen' 'im away. Now, yo'-all jes' sen' foh this yah young man to come totin' right back. He jes' th' kin' o' young man Marse Edwards would pick out foh yo', and he jes' th' kin' o' young man yo' pick out foh yo'self. Yo' Aunt Tillie ain' blin', chile. Ah knows he de man yo'-all wants, and ef yo' doan' git 'im yo' gwan be plumb suah mis'ble all de days o' yo' bohn life. Now, yo' done tell me whad this yah trouble all about, an' Aunt Tillie gwan fix it all up, an' if yo' doan' do jes' de thing whad yo' ought'er do, Aunt Tillie gwan pick yo' up an' spank yo' lak' she done when yo' wah a young 'un."

Miss Abigail laughed. It was such a relief to find that she actually had a friend left in this miserable, gray world.

"Well, Aunt Tillie, you won't be able to understand it," she explained, "because I don't understand it very well myself, but I'm going to tell you all about it, just the same. I think it will do me good."

So she did. Whether Aunt Tillie comprehended the psychological features of it, whether she understood the perversity that lay at the bottom of it all, or the underlying principle of mastery it involved, Miss Abigail could not have told for the life of her, but after the talk was over Aunt Tillie preserved a sphinx-like silence while she braided her mistress' hair and performed the many other grateful offices, upon the precision of which she had for so many years prided herself.

"An' now, honey," she said, when she was ready to go, "yo' jes' think dis hyah all oveh, an' tomah' mebbe yo' be 'shamed o' yo'seff."

Miss Abigail did think differently about it the next day, but in a way she had scarcely expected, for along about two o'clock Mr. Banks broke her spell of worry and indecision just as she was almost decided to perform a painful operation that would involve the loss of her backbone.

"It may interest you to know that Mr. Hargrave has paid that seven-dollar bill," he telephoned her.

The thanks that she gave him were very brief, for she was in a breathless hurry to use the telephone for another message—to the Stadium Club.

Yes, Mr. Hargrave was in. Yes, he would be there in a moment. She had never heard a voice with such exquisite timbre as that which presently thrilled her.

"This is Dudley Hargrave," he announced.

"Well, this is Abigail Beatrice Cecilia Dorothea Evangelina Florodora Clear-Down-to-Xantippe Edwards. I just called you up to tell you that you are a very nice boy."

"Indeed!" he conservatively replied, not knowing what next to expect. "I'm so glad you've come around to that opinion."

"Oh, I always thought that," she assured him; "and I'll tell you something else. You may come over this evening and ask me the same question you did last night, if you like."

"Where are you?" he asked with a sudden new vibration in his voice.

"At home," she answered.

"I'm coming now," he vigorously announced, and hung up the receiver.

But he didn't ask her the question. When he was ushered into the room where she stood waiting for him, he simply grabbed her. By and by she raised her head from where it had been comfortably resting, and twisted the top button of his coat around and around.

"After all," she confessed, "I'm sorry now that I was not the one to give in. It was magnanimous of you, Dudley, but it's funny, isn't it, that I wish you hadn't paid that bill? Just an hour longer and I would have capitulated myself."

"But I don't understand," he replied, holding her off from him in amazement. "I never paid the—the seven, if that is what you mean."

"You didn't!" For a moment she was breathless with amazement. "Why, Mr. Banks told me that you did! I'm going to telephone him and find out about it."

There was an instant of half-embarrassed silence between them, but before it had lasted long enough to be serious, this remarkably natural and direct young woman took his wrist with a happy laugh and drew his arm into the place it fitted so snugly.

"It doesn't make any difference now," she said, "because we've got each other and we're going to keep each other. But come on; we'll find out about it together."

Both puzzled, they walked over to the telephone and she called up Mr. Banks.

No, she was not mistaken. The account had been paid. No, it had not been paid by Mr. Hargrave's check. A post-office money order had come, in Mr. Hargrave's name, to the amount of seven dollars. They had simply applied it to his account on the books and mailed him a formal receipt for it.

They stood in perplexity until Miss Abigail—turning swiftly at a rustling sound her ear detected—caught Aunt Tillie's happy brown face disappearing from between the folds of the portières, and then she darted after her very best friend, dragging the bewildered but ecstatic Dudley along with her.

Aunt Tillie had paid that seven-dollar bill.

Poor Meissonier

THE success of Ridgway Knight calls to mind that he was Meissonier's only American student. Poor old Meissonier was indeed poor. The lavish expenditure he had laid out on every detail of a picture—costumes, uniforms, arms, and other still life—beggared him. George Petit, the great picture-dealer, held mortgages on everything almost that he possessed—every picture and every sketch he made; so that when, showing Knight some correction or criticism to be explained, he drew a pencil sketch, after he had finished it, instead of throwing it away he had, by agreement, to *tear it up*.

A gentleman to whom he was showing his beautiful house and collection of rare pictures once said to him: "I see work of every great artist, but none of yours."

"*Helas*, Monsieur, I am too poor to possess it."

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PLAYERS: PAST AND PRESENT

(Concluded from Page 11)

"You are lucky," answered Mansfield, "if there is *only one* place where your *audience* goes to sleep!"

Some time ago, when his business affairs were in disorder and he was heavily burdened with debts (all of which he has since paid), various lawsuits were brought against Mansfield, by various actors, on various pretexts; whereupon he ruminantly remarked to me, with indescribably humorous sapience:

"These actors are strange people! When they are idle, and have nothing else to do, I believe they get together and say: 'Let's all go and sue Mansfield!'"

His playfulness can be kindly as well as tart. Speaking of another occasion, when his receipts had been attached, on a Saturday night, at a theatre in a New England country town, he said to me:

"My agent went running all over the place, *scratching fellows on the wrist*, to find a Freemason who would stand surety for us."

Once, on a Staten Island ferryboat, Mansfield was sitting near to a boy who wore a cap with three feathers in it. Soon the child carelessly took off his cap, and, in swinging it, knocked the feathers out. The actor immediately picked them up and gave them back to the lad, saying very kindly:

"When you are a little older, my boy, you will be *more careful of the feathers in your cap.*"

The feathers in his own cap were in some peril at that time—for he had leased the Garrick Theatre, in New York (which he renovated, named and managed), and his task was a hard one.

Actors seldom or never entertain correct views of each other—as actors. Edwin Booth did not esteem Jefferson's performance of Rip Van Winkle as his best: so, at least, he said to me; and of John S. Clarke, his brother-in-law, to whom he was much attached, and who was an excellent eccentric comedian, he said:

"Clarke is exceedingly comic and amusing in private life, but, to me, not at all so on the stage."

Henry Irving, who admired Jefferson more than he did any other American actor, considered Jefferson's Acres to be his best performance, and as distinctly superior to that of Rip Van Winkle—which it was not; because Rip had imagination and poetry in it, and Acres was made up of character and humor; and, although the felicity of dramatic expression was superb in Acres, it was transcended by that in Rip.

Lester Wallack, the first and best light comedian of his time (which should not be confused with that of Charles Kemble and James E. Murdoch), could perceive no special merit in the acting of Jefferson, but spoke tolerantly of "his funny little squeaky voice." Edwin Booth thought that Henry Irving's great performance of Louis XI was inferior to the performance of the same part by Charles Kean—an actor who, in fact, never approached the intellectual standard of Irving in anything, and was vastly inferior to him in the faculty of expression. And Irving, much as he esteemed and admired Edwin Booth, considered that great tragedian as more an elocutionist than an actor—by which word Irving meant an *impersonator*. Jefferson thought that he could himself have excelled Irving in the character of Doctor Primrose, in Wills' fine play on the story of The Vicar of Wakefield; whereas, in fact, he could not have equaled him—for in that part, as in Matthias, Mephistopheles, Lesurques and Charles I, Irving was supreme and unapproachable.

Jefferson said that the impersonation of Mephistopheles, by Eduard De Reszke, in the opera of Faust, was, in his judgment, superior to that of Irving in Wills' play—the fact being that De Reszke acted Mephistopheles—in so far as he acted it at all, which was not very far—as a fat, rubicund, jovial roisterer; whereas Irving acted him as a spirit—sardonic, specious, terrible—rising to the full height of Goethe's terrible conception, and even transcending it, and leaving all such performers as De Reszke, and indeed all actors that ever undertook the part, many miles behind him.

The views that Mansfield and Irving entertained of each other's acting would not have been found harmonious. They were friends, however, and Mansfield was present at the last supper that Irving gave in America, and heard his last speech, as I did, the night before he sailed from our shores, never to return.

It was Irving who opened the way for Mansfield in London, in 1888, when he appeared, at the Lyceum, in Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I happened to be in England at the time, and Irving and I were traveling together in the Lake Country when Mansfield arrived, and joined us at Patterdale; and I remember we sat up most of the summer night to discuss his prospects. A German-American actor named Bandmann had come to London, with another version of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and was intent to take the field in advance of Mansfield, at another theatre, and thus dissipate the novelty of Mansfield's intended production. This fact came to the knowledge of Irving, and, thereupon, he hired that other theatre for a period of several weeks for purpose of rehearsal, and so foiled the skipping Bandmann, who did not emerge until after Mansfield had appeared and gained his success, and whose ultimate emergence attracted no attention.

Of the bounteous acceptance subsequently accorded to Mansfield in London, when he acted Richard III. and of his later advancement, over many obstacles and through a time of unprecedented competition, much might be said. It is no slight victory to have gained, by merit, the leadership of the American stage. The epoch is one of materialism and pagan luxury. Triumph in the doing of great artistic deeds—the dramatic illustration of great subjects, the helpful exposition of the splendid possibilities of human development, the ministry of beauty—is not as easy now as it was fifty years ago. The genius and intellect that conquer now must be—like those of Richard Mansfield—fortified by indomitable will, by adamantine endurance, by unyielding power, by tireless industry and by resistless charm. He has accomplished much good. He can accomplish much more. The time needs him, and the word of encouragement and cheer should not be left unspoken:

To him the laurels and the lyre belong:
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

"Mixing" Makes Opportunities

WE ALL know the type of clerk portrayed by Dickens. Punctual and diligent, perhaps, but——!

I want to tell about a different sort of clerk—a young man who started out to earn his own living not many years ago. First, he learned stenography, and he got a "job" in a town of about 25,000 people. His place paid him $40 a month.

"I want to meet people," he told me. "I want to learn how to impress business men."

He succeeded beyond his expectations, and was soon making as much "on the outside" as from his regular position. Now, the town in which he had located was rather a slow-going place; there was plenty of money, and, altogether, a good business was done, but the merchants in some of the lines were very much behind the times. Going into many offices, my young friend soon found that there was a good field for the sale of office supplies; and, finally, he concluded to give up his regular position as stenographer and devote all his time to job stenographic work and to the sale of office supplies—particularly office specialties.

He went in modestly at first—that was four years ago. *Now* he has an up-to-date store in which there is a complete line of the things needed in an office; he is also agent for a standard typewriter, an adding machine, and for other devices of like character. He still carries on his job stenographic business, but that he merely supervises; others do the actual work.

If he had continued in his first position he might now be making $75 a month or so, but with little prospect of materially bettering his condition. —*M. B. S.*

The Rise of a Cigar King

DON GUSTAVO BOCK, the dean of the Havana cigar manufacturers, landed in that city nearly fifty years ago, from Germany, with a few marks in his pocket. Cuba's one manufactured product was then undeveloped in foreign markets. The Cubans made up rough *brevo* cigars, packed them fifty in a box and sent them chiefly to their cousins in Spain and South America. There were no gold bands, no fancy ribbons, no neat boxes. The German lad had worked in an export house in the Fatherland and saw possibilities for more attractive goods and wider sales. Eventually he got enough capital to establish a small cigar factory and began to turn out goods in neat boxes, packed twenty-five to the box. His cigars had neater shapes and gold bands. Some were wrapped in tin foil to withstand moisture at sea or keep in dry climates. The older Havana manufacturers laughed at them. Nobody would have sent such ladylike goods to Spain.

But the young German had in view markets other than Spain. First he placed goods with cousins in Germany, and sales were begun. Then he cast an eye straight north to New York. Samples were sent to jobbers in the United States, but none of them showed interest in Cuban cigars. The demand was not large, they said, the prices were high, there were heavy import duties, and American taste had been educated to domestic tobacco. The Don still thought Yankee smokers would develop a fondness for his product, but couldn't convince the jobbers.

When arguments and samples failed he turned a neat Spanish trick.

An extremely fancy consignment of goods was shipped to a big New York jobber without his knowledge. The cigars were packed in small, showy boxes. They were hardly on the steamer before somebody whispered to the revenue officers at New York that a big consignment of Havana cigars was coming up at a false valuation. The jobber to whom they were consigned denied all knowledge of the shipment, of course, and so the lot was seized forthwith. Eventually they were sold for duties. Word got around New York of bargains in Havanas, with the result that the buyers were men who wanted a trial box. Every box had the Don's labels.

"After that they went fine in the United States," he says.

A comfortable trade was building itself up in London, where an educated public in the Don's understanding of the term—that is, a public that knows a good cigar—was giving the new manufacturer a following. So he turned next to France as a prospective market.

France had her tobacco monopoly and made her own cigars. The introduction of a new brand through official sources meant years of red tape. French tobacco is notoriously rank, but the public in France knew no better, and was content. The Don set out to make the French people discontented. A great dinner of journalists from every part of France was to be held in Paris. Don Gustavo saw that at each plate a box of twenty-five Havanas was placed, duly labeled. The cloud of smoke that arose at the end of this dinner eventually became more troublesome to the French Government than some of its little war clouds

Within a week the newspapers of France were asking why their government did not put on sale the superlative cigars of Monsieur Bock. They attacked the government's cigars, and the subject was one that obviously furnished its own humor. The sharpest pens in France drove home the points, and within a few months the authorities stocked up with the Don's goods. Fully forty years have passed since then, but the Don, who is still active in Havana, has maintained his foothold both in this country and France.

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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

GASPAR RUIZ

(Continued from Page 9)

animosity. They told how, after every skirmish, after every raid, after every successful action, he would ride up to her and look into her face. Its haughty calm was never relaxed. Her embraces, *señores*, must have been as cold as the embrace of a statue. He tried to melt her icy heart in a stream of warm blood. Some English naval officers who visited him at that time noticed the strange character of his infatuation."

At the movement of surprise and of curiosity in his audience General Santierra paused for a moment.

"Yes, English naval officers," he repeated. "He had consented to receive them to arrange for the liberation of some prisoners of your nationality. In the territory upon which he ranged from the seacoast to the Cordillera there was a bay where the ships of that time, after rounding Cape Horn, used to resort for wood and water. There, decoying the crew on shore, he captured first the whaling brig Hersalia, and afterward made himself master by surprise of two more ships, one English and one American.

"It was rumored at the time that he dreamed of having a navy of his own. But that, of course, was impossible. Still, manning the brig with part of her own crew and putting an officer and a good many men of his own on board, he sent her off to the Spanish governor of Chiloe with a letter relating his exploits and asking for assistance in the war against the rebels. The governor could not do much for him; but he sent him in return two light field-pieces, a letter of compliments, with a colonel's commission in the Royal forces, and a great Spanish flag. This standard, with much ceremony, was hoisted over his house in the heart of the hill country.

"The senior officer of your squadron made representations to our Government as to these captures. But Gaspar Ruiz refused to treat with us. Then an English frigate proceeded to the bay, and her captain, doctor and two lieutenants traveled inland, being under a safe-conduct. They were well received and spent three days as guests of the partisan chief. A sort of military barbaric state was kept at the residence. It was furnished with the loot of frontier towns. When first admitted to the principal *sala* the visitors saw the woman lying down (she was not in good health then) with Gaspar Ruiz sitting at the foot of the couch. His hat was on the floor and his hands reposed on the hilt of his sword.

"During that first conversation he never removed his big hands from the sword-hilt except once to arrange her coverings with gentle, careful touches. The Englishmen noticed that, whenever she spoke, he would fix his eyes upon her in a kind of expectant, breathless attention, and seemingly forget the existence of the world and his own existence, too.

"In the course of the farewell banquet at which she was present on her couch, he burst forth into complaints of the treatment he received. After General San Martin's departure he had been beset by spies, slandered by civil officials; notwithstanding his services, his liberty and even his life had been threatened by the Chilean Government. He got up from the table, thundered execrations, pacing the room wildly, then sat down on the couch at his wife's feet, his breast heaving, his eyes fixed on the floor. She reclined on her back, her head on the cushions, her eyes nearly closed.

"'And now I am an honored Spanish officer,' he added in a calm voice.

"The captain of the English frigate then took the opportunity to inform him gently that Lima had fallen and that, by the virtue of a convention, the Spaniards were withdrawing from the whole continent.

"Gaspar Ruiz raised his head and, without hesitation, speaking with suppressed vehemence, declared that, if there were not a single Spanish soldier left in the whole of South America, he would persist in carrying on the contest against Chile to the last drop of blood. When he finished that mad tirade, his wife's long, white hand was raised and she just touched his knee with the tips of her fingers for a fraction of a second.

"For the rest of the officers' stay, which did not extend for more than half an hour after the banquet, that ferocious chieftain of a desperate *partida* overflowed with amiability and kindness. He had been hospitable before, but now it seemed as though he could not do enough for the comfort and safety of his visitors' journey back to their ship.

"Nothing, I have been told, could have presented a greater contrast to his late violence or the habitual taciturn reserve of his manner. Like a man elated beyond measure by an unexpected happiness, he overflowed with good-will, generosity and almost tender attentions. He embraced the officers like brothers, almost with tears in his eyes. The released prisoners were presented each with a piece of gold. At the last moment, suddenly, he declared that he could do no less than restore to the masters of the merchant vessels all their private property. This unexpected generosity caused much delay to the departure of the party and the first march was very short.

"Late in the evening Gaspar Ruiz rode up to their camp-fires, followed by a mule loaded with cases of wine. He had come, he said, to drink a stirrup-cup with his English friends whom he would never see again. He was mellow and joyous in his temper. He told stories of his own exploits, laughed like a boy, borrowed a guitar from the Englishmen's chief muleteer, and, sitting on his superfine *poncho*, spread before the glow of the embers, sang a *gnasso* love-song in a tender voice. Then his head dropped on his breast, his hands on the ground; the guitar rolled off his knees —and a great silence fell over the camp hushed up to hear the love-song of the implacable partisan who had made so many of our people mourn and weep for destroyed homes and loves cut short.

"Before anybody could make a sound he had sprung up and leaped on his horse.

"'*Adios*, my friends!' he cried. 'Go with God. I love you! And tell them well in Santiago that between Gaspar Ruiz, Colonel of the King of Spain, and the Republican carrion crows of Chile, there is war to the last breath—war—war—war!'

"And with a great yelling of 'War! War! War!' his escort took up, the sound of hoofs and voices died away at last between the gently sloping hills."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Honest Mirrors

ONE of the most fashionable and expensive luxuries of to-day is a mirror of quartz-crystal; not a large mirror, of course —for such a thing could not be procured anywhere in the world, material of which to make it being lacking—but a hand-glass of small size. Quartz-crystal is rarely found in flawless pieces weighing more than a few ounces.

The mirror of quartz-crystal has one very important advantage over glass—it is colorless. No matter how fine the "plate" may be, mirror-glass is never perfectly white—if such a term may be used as signifying lack of color. You can see this for yourself if you will take a looking-glass from its frame and look through it edgewise. So viewed, it will appear greenish.

Now, this greenish tint is a serious misfortune in my lady's toilet-glass, for, on account of it, the mirror does not do her complexion justice. It detracts from the rosy hue of her skin.

With quartz-crystal, however, it is different. A slab of it is just about the most colorless thing in Nature; and, when skillfully cut and backed with a film of silver like an ordinary mirror, it gives back to the eye of her who looks into it all the rosy tints, unmodified by greenish or other unpleasing rays. Hence its popularity as material for a costly looking-glass.

"Costly" is an appropriate word, indeed, inasmuch as such a hand-glass, of small size, may easily be worth $300 or $500. Pieces of flawless quartz-crystal large enough to furnish the requisite slabs are sadly rare—though one weighing three hundred pounds was found by a mountain girl in North Carolina not long ago. Unfortunately, being ignorant of its great value, she broke it in trying to separate it from the rocky matrix in which it was embedded, and the largest fragment that finally reached a market in New York was only one-sixth the size of the original mass.

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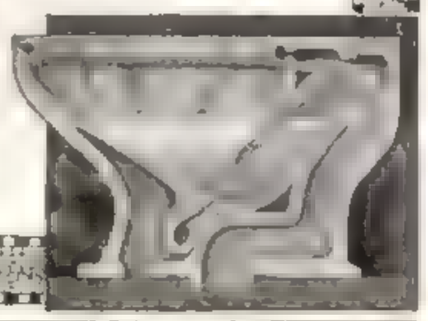

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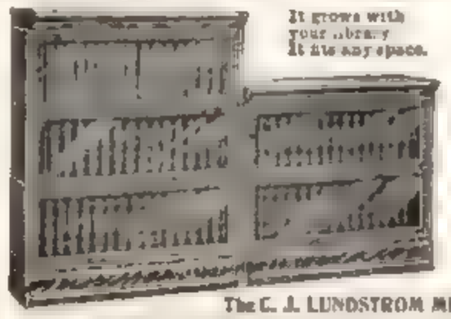

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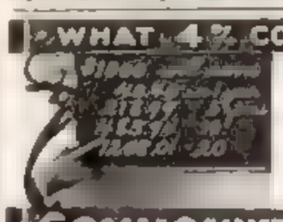

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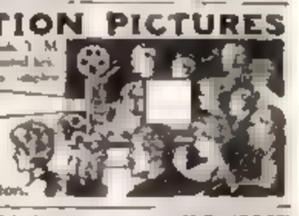

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Glasgow—Who Wants to Know

(Continued from Page 4)

sticking to the practical, is measured not by what is mined but what is hauled.

Scores upon scores of coal-mine owners have been made bankrupt by the machinations of the railways, and by their refusal to furnish cars. Also, through the illegal system described, the railways not only plunder the public with higher prices for coal, but rob their own shareholders by limiting the quantity of coal hauled.

Much of public good or ill depends on this Glasgow-conducted investigation of the Pennsylvania. The only ally the public has is the independent mine owner, such as the Red Rock. The independent mine owner is being crushed to death by the tactics mentioned. And this is his last battle. If he be defeated, he is lost; and, to the extent that it can be robbed in the name of soft coal, the public is lost. The railroads may then dictate soft-coal terms unchecked. The public must protect the independent mine owner; or, when he is dead and gone, the public in its careless turn will have no protector.

The remedy for the wrongs done the independent mine owner, so far as a refusal, or rather a favoritism, in furnishing cars is concerned, is apparent. It could be left to the Interstate Commerce Commission to work out the details. Every mine should have an open, public rating—that is to say, the capacity of each mine should be inquired into and fixed. Suppose that Jones, Brown and Smith have each a mine. The mines in their capacities will vary. Jones can put out one thousand tons a day, Brown two thousand, Smith five thousand. The fact should be publicly passed upon, and settled. Every mine owner should know the rating not alone of his own mine but of the others.

Car distribution must, of course, be even and just. If there be a shortage it must fall on all equally. In case of a car-famine, each should be given cars proportionate to his rating. In that way all would meet with even treatment, and no one be made a favorite. If every mine had public rating, in event of a car shortage, each mine owner would know if he were unjustly dealt with and might protect himself.

"But that," you say, "would not eliminate rebates, nor the evils of delay!" No; those crimes would have to be dealt with by the law as it is.

For rebate and other evils of railroad sort there be ones who offer government ownership of railroads as a remedy. On the other hand, there be a conservative many who are not ready for that. There are arguments against government ownership, say these latter. Governments are not formed to transact the business of the citizen, but to protect him in life, liberty and property. Government should never go beyond that mark, they argue, unless driven by inexorable necessity. They insist that the "inexorable necessity" has not been made manifest.

They point out how there is a deal of undeveloped country between the Pacific and Atlantic. It will need railroads to develop it. Private enterprise, in their opinion, will do this work sooner and better than would government—where too much is made to pivot on politics, by politicians who seek their own ends.

It is certain that evils of rebates, and the monopolies called Trusts which they foster, can be coped with and conquered by law as it is. There is law enough—a remedy for every wrong. The need is for officials who will do their duty—their courageous duty under the law. Some rich rogues should go to prison. Thereupon other rich rogues—taking warning—would lead better, if not happier, railroad lives.

In going to the tap-root of Trusts, as well as sins of railway sort, the world may be very sure that it will have to dig deeper than either the law, or any commonplace avarice inherent in the breast of normal man. The age is money-mad—rabid of greed. Good companies, companies which might honestly support a respectable volume of stocks and bonds, are watered to tenfold their value. Ten millions of stocks and bonds are issued where one million would have been the limit of the company's dividend and interest producing power; and those millions of watered securities are flung upon the market. The banks are

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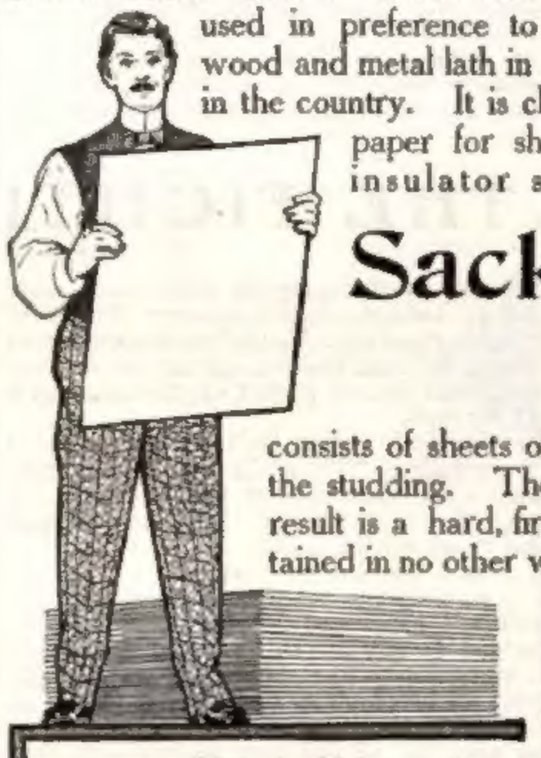

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What is at the bottom of the greed? Were I to try to explain, I doubt if I might do more than just present a distinction without preserving a difference. For years we have taught that money is the one victory in life. Every one has been told to strive for money. Men were exalted for the possession of money, until a nobility of gold has been raised up. These gold noblemen have been made objects of envy. Everybody has struggled to get into their caste—the caste of the millionaire. It couldn't be done by prudent accumulation; no honest profit would serve. The one chance was to speculate—to gamble. And the world, thus reasoning, abandoned trading for swindling. Even the farm is no longer an isle of safety. With a telephone in every farmhouse, and the other end of the wire in a broker's office, the gambling habit overwhelms the agriculturist as it does the mechanic and the tradesman. Speaking of telephones, it would seem as though divers of our "advances" in civilization have advanced us down-hill.

The remedy? We should have a revival of the simplicity of the fathers!—a moral awakening!—a return to old ideals! Somewhere between the preacher and the prosecuting attorney will lie the way. The preacher should thunder, the prosecutor indict. The one must lift up the work where the other lays it down. When you can't preach it into these malefactors, you should punish it into them, and humbly trust that Sing Sing may take the place of saving grace.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

pièce de résistance for his soft-voiced host. All he wanted was a temporary deposit to tide over matters. He had never approached Plank in vain, and he did not do so now, for Plank had a pocket check-book and a stylograph.

"It's little to ask, isn't it?" he muttered resentfully. "That will only square matters with Desmond; it doesn't leave me anything to go on with," and he pocketed his check with a scowl.

Plank was discreetly silent.

"And that is not what I chased you for either," continued Mortimer. "I didn't intend to say anything about Desmond; I was going to fix it in another way!" He cast an involuntary and sinister glance at the elevators gliding ceaselessly up and down at the end of the vast marble rotunda; then his eyes sought Plank's again.

"Beverly, old boy, I've got a certain mealy-faced hypocrite where any decent man would like to have him—by the scruff of his neck. He's fit only to kick; and I'm going to kick him good and plenty; and in the process he's going to let go of several things." Mortimer leered, pleased with his own similes, then added rather hastily: "I mean, he's going to drop several things that don't belong to him. Leave it to me to shake him down; he'll drop them all right. . . . One of 'em's yours."

Plank looked at him.

"I told you once that I'd let you know when to step up and say 'Good-evening,' didn't I?"

Plank continued to stare.

"Didn't I?" repeated Mortimer peevishly, beginning to lose countenance.

"I don't understand you," said Plank, "and I don't think I want to understand you."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mortimer thickly; "don't you want to marry that girl?" but he shrank dismayed under the slow blaze that lighted Plank's blue eyes.

"All right," he stammered, struggling to his fat legs and instinctively backing away: "I thought you meant business. I—what do I care who you marry? It's the last time I'll try to do anything for you, or for anybody else! Mark that, my friend. I've plenty to worry over; I've a lot to keep me busy without lying awake to figure out how to do kindnesses to old friends!"

Plank gazed at him for a moment; the anger in his face had died out.

"I am not ungrateful," he said. "You may say almost anything except that, Leroy. I am not disloyal, no matter what else I may be. But you have made a bad mistake. You made it that day at Black Fells when you offered to interfere. I supposed you understood then that I could never tolerate from anybody anything of such a nature. It appears that you didn't. However, you understand it now. So let us forget the matter."

But Mortimer, keenly appreciative of the pleasures of being misunderstood, squeezed some moisture out of his distended eyes, and sat down, a martyr to his emotions. "To think," he gulped, "that *you*, of all men, should turn on me like this!"

"I didn't mean to. Can't you understand, Leroy, that you hurt me?"

"Hurt!" retorted Mortimer vindictively. "You've had sensation battered out of you by this time. I guess society has landed you a few while I was boosting you over the outworks. Don't play that old con. game on me! You tried to get her and you couldn't. Now I come along and offer to put you next and you yell about your hurt feelings! Oh, splash! There's another lady, that's all."

"Let it go at that, then," said Plank, reddening.

"But I tell you——"

"Drop it!" snapped Plank.

"Oh, very well! if you're going to take it that way again——"

"I am. Cut it! And now let me ask you a question: Where were you going when I met you?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked Mortimer sullenly.

"Why, I'll tell you, Leroy. If you have any idea of identifying yourself with Quarrier's people, of seeking him at this juncture with the expectation of investing any money in his schemes, you had better not do so."

"Investing!" sneered Mortimer. "Well, no, not exactly, having nothing to invest, thanks to my being swindled into joining his Amalgamated Electric gang. Don't worry. If there's any shaking down to be done, I'll do it, my friend," and he rose, and started toward the elevators.

"Wait!" said Plank. "Why, man, *you* can't frighten Quarrier! What did you sell your holdings for? Why didn't you come to us—to me? What's the use of going to Quarrier now, and scolding? You can't scare a man like that."

Mortimer fairly grinned in his face.

"Your big mistake," he sneered, "is in undervaluing others. You don't think I amount to very much, do you, Beverly? But I'm going to try to take care of myself all the same." He laughed, showing his big teeth, and the vanity in him began to drug him. "No, you think I don't know much. But men like you and Quarrier will find out! I want you to understand," he went on excitedly, forgetting the instinctive caution which in saner moments he was only too certain that his present business required—"I want you to understand a few things, my friend, and one of them is that I'm not afraid of Quarrier, and another is, I'm not afraid of you!"

"Leroy——"

"No, not afraid of *you*, either!" repeated Mortimer with an ugly stare. "Don't try any of your smug, ain't-it-a-shame-he-drinks ways on me, Beverly! I'm getting tired of it; I'm tired of it now! You keep a civil tongue in your head after this—do you understand?—and we'll get on all right. If you don't, I've the means to make you!"

"Are you crazy?"

"Not a bit of it! Too sane for you and Leila to hoodwink!"

"You *are* crazy!" repeated Plank.

"Am I? You and Leila can take the matter into court, if you want to—unless *I* do. And"—here he leaned forward, showing his teeth again—"the next time you kiss her, *close the door!*"

Then he went away up the marble steps and entered an elevator; and Plank, grave and pale, went out into the street and entered his big touring-car. But the drive uptown and through the sunlit park gave him no pleasure, and he entered his great house with a heavy, lifeless step, head bent, as though counting every crevice in the stones under his lagging feet. For the first time in all his life he was afraid of a man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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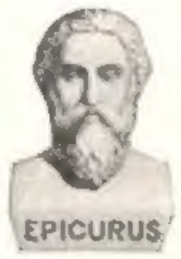

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